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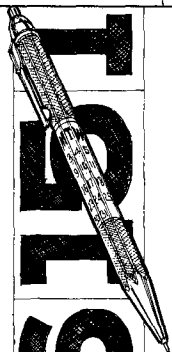
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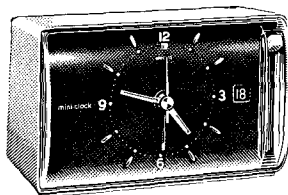
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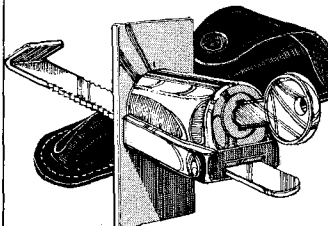
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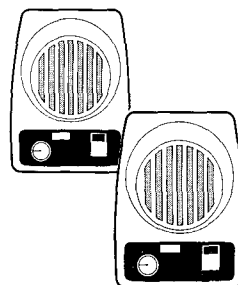
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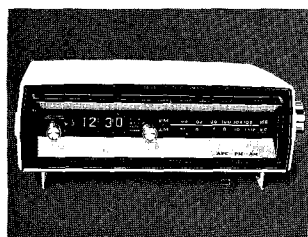
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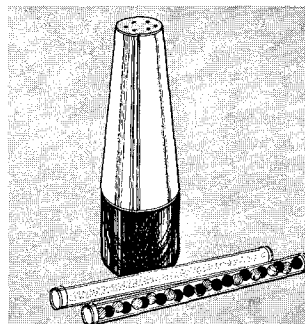
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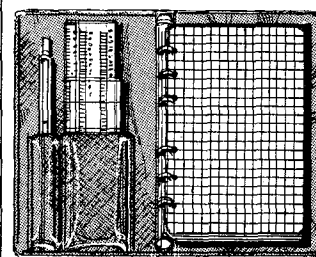
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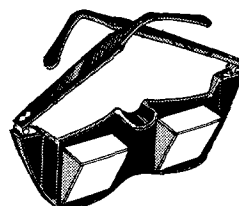
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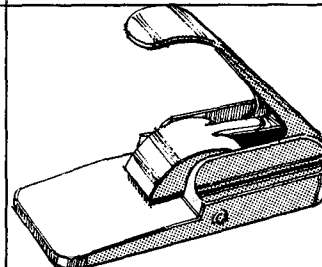
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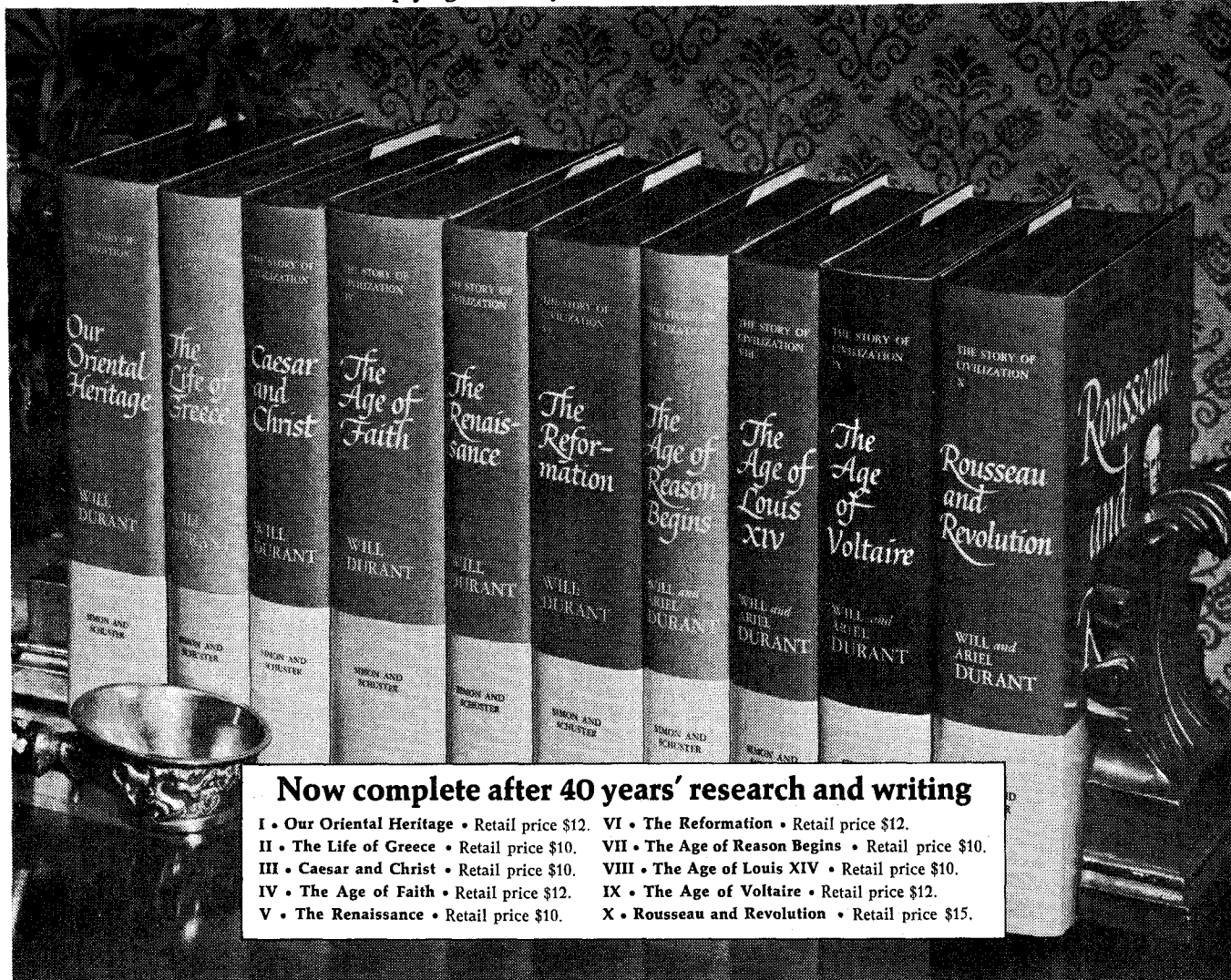


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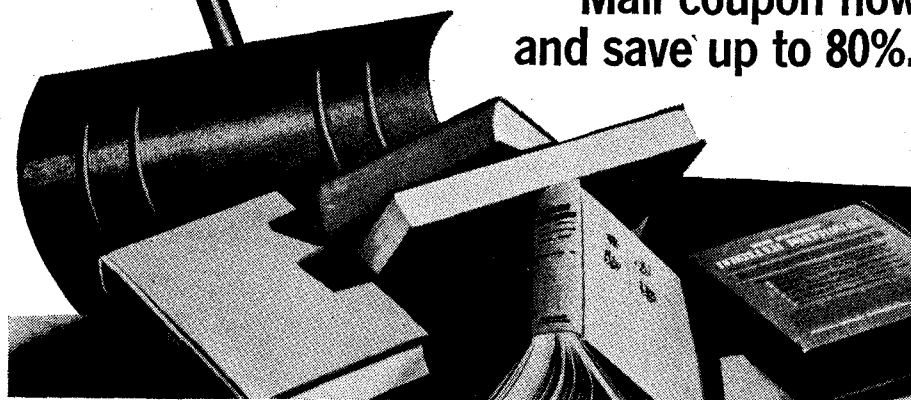
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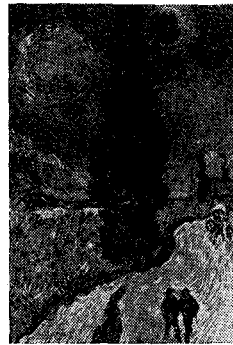
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TRB

From Washington

Nixon Meets the Press

As we troop to the White House press conference we note that Pennsylvania Avenue looks normal again. All but the biggest of the grandstands are down now and the tires of the taxis have picked up most of the nails knocked out of the Inaugural lumber—one driver told me he had had two punctures since the ceremony.

We loop the electric-light pull-chain over our neck that the thoughtful Secret Service has provided to hold our pyroxylene identity card with a picture on it one step more repulsive than even our passport photo, and then we ultimately arrive in the East Room of the White House with President Nixon answering questions. Some of the strangeness of it is beginning to wear off we notice, though the oil portraits of George and Martha Washington still seem to look disapprovingly across the glittering room at the battery of TV cameras.

It's a fine big ballroom, almost as fine as that in a middle-sized New York hotel, and the gold mirrors have seen a lot of history in their day and the chandeliers, throwing off prismatic rainbows from the TV lights, have illuminated some stirring scenes.

Mr. Nixon exudes calm, cool competence, which is his thing just now. He marches in and mounts a one-step platform. There's just a single microphone on it and as though to emphasize the "Look Ma, no hands" atmosphere of the performance, there is no lectern and he answers the questions without notes and from memory. Twenty-four questions in 30 minutes and not a fumble. No doubt about it, it is a slick virtuoso performance.

Nor is this said in a derogatory sense. Mr. Nixon has given an atmosphere of movement and excitement to foreign

affairs as he exercises his first exploratory options. Suddenly everything is moving—the delayed nuclear non-proliferation treaty, the unexpected freeze on the \$5.5 billion Sentinel ABM System, the agreement to consider four-power talks to try to break the deadlock in Middle East peace efforts, the trip to Europe. Movement, of course, has no value in itself; it's where it takes you; but at least there is a feeling that things may be coming unstuck. Outside, the magnolia trees sway in the Washington pre-Spring weather; inside, the jammed four or five hundred newsmen know that it's the real Spring of a new Administration when political hopes pop open and when Mr. Nixon's popularity rating may be as high as it ever will be.

We are cautiously hopeful, too. Self-interest and events are pushing Mr. Nixon, we guess, toward some sort of a settlement in Vietnam, and maybe toward some relaxation of tension with Moscow and Peking, too. It's a fine story-line and we can't put the book down. The week's whirlwind tour of six NATO capitals will be the most covered—and over covered—since Woodrow Wilson.

Meanwhile in the rest of the city humdrum things go on: the House Un-American Activities committee wants to change its name. Richard Nixon must have odd emotions as he reads about chairman Ichord's plan to rechristen HUAC as the "House Committee on Internal Security." A friend of ours visited Sofia once and was charmed to hear a woman denounce something there as "un-Bulgarian." What is un-American? It is what the political patrioteers of HUAC say it is, and some of them have made a comfortable career out of it. The committee's mandate directs it to inquire into "the extent, character and objects of un-American propaganda activities in the US" and the diffusion of "un-American propaganda" but it never defines the term. Two years ago 89 respectable professors and deans of law schools charged that this resolution, being confined to "propaganda," itself violates the First Amendment.

The mandate is, of course, a hunting license; it authorizes the committee to range the country, bullying witnesses, promoting blacklists and only proposing legislation as an afterthought.

HUAC has filed 129 contempt citations but got only nine convictions. In 1948 it reported its first legislation, the Mundt-Nixon Communist registration bill. It never worked.

Now chairman Ichord wants to pretty things up by dropping the "un-American" out of HUAC's name. The House will soon vote on it. At present a lot of cowed Congressmen vote funds for the committee lest they be called unpatriotic. Drop the scare word and the spell breaks.

Congress, meanwhile, is sending itself a nice Valentine; starting Feb. 14 it has raised its pay from \$30,000 a year (which already seemed high to some) to \$42,000. This is a jump of 41 percent. Some Congressmen have been complaining that workers' wages have been skyrocketing—6 or 7 percent a year. Congressmen are taking a bigger increase than that, of course, but then, think of the taxes they must pay. (Workers don't pay taxes.) One gratifying thing is the speed shown. Don't charge Congress with being a slowpoke any longer. A civil rights bill may take years to pass. But when Congress gets down to important things it moves fast.

Happy Birthday, Boom

A more important anniversary comes in mid-February; it was eight years ago that the third Eisenhower recession hit bottom; for 96 months since then the American economy has advanced, the longest uninterrupted advance in history. So we put an eighth candle on the birthday cake of American affluence. It has been a stunning performance. Yes, there have been pauses and yes, there is danger of inflation getting out of hand. But it is worth noting that purchasing power of households has risen from the recession trough in February 1961 by one third and that's after taxes, and after adjusting for price increases.

This didn't "just happen." Ike had three recessions in eight years; just as recovery got started he would slam on the brakes again. True, the anti-inflation brakes should have been pushed down in 1966-67 instead of last year, and we are suffering the consequences now. Even so, things are better than under the former release-and-jerk-back technique. Happy birthday, boom.

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The Pueblo; Whodunit?

The very week the nation was puzzling over the rights and wrongs of Lloyd Bucher's conduct as commander of the captured spy ship, *Pueblo*, Allen W. Dulles died. The coincidence is to the dramatist's taste, for Mr. Dulles was Mr. Intelligence, and as the Bucher hearings proceed, we glimpse the shadowy outline of how the government operates its intelligence services in peacetime.

After the Second World War, the intelligence profession in this country was in the doldrums. The Communist bloc under the iron hand of Stalin was both monolithic and menacing. The times called for the gathering by our government of information not obtainable by normal, open methods, and the doing of "dirty tricks" that could not be laid directly to Washington's door. With the passage of the National Security Act of 1947, the Central Intelligence Agency came into being and was placed under the National Security Council. In its earliest years, the Agency made little headway. But with President Truman's appointment of a select committee to study the entire intelligence community and its structure, the cloak-and-dagger business came into its own. Without detracting from contributions of the other members of the committee, it can be said that the report it produced was Allen Dulles', and he devoted the rest of his life to making the most of it. He was first appointed Deputy Director of CIA, then Director by Mr. Eisenhower. His concurrent and larger responsibility was Director, Central Intelligence, in charge of the whole US intelligence effort, not just CIA. Not until John and Robert Kennedy, were two brothers, Allen and John Foster Dulles, to hold so much power at the same time.

Those who framed the national intelligence directives arising from the National Security Act had, with great care, explicitly stated that the Director, Central Intelligence was responsible for and was authorized to acquire "clandestine" or secret intelligence, but not to perform secret operations. At that time, the late forties, the government did not contemplate the staging of such operations, except in rare instances for which there would be specific approval. It was this limitation that Allen Dulles attacked vehemently, and although there was opposition to his views at the White House and in both the State and Defense Departments, he prevailed. The Director, Central Intelligence was subsequently authorized to put his plans for secret

operations to a special group of the National Security Council, and with their approval to execute them. With responsibility for both the covert collection of information and secret operations, Director Dulles had what he wanted, very wide discretionary power not only to ferret out other people's "secrets," but to set in motion and to supervise all varieties of clandestine interventions into the affairs of other nations, to make and break governments. (The Bay of Pigs was the most painful illustration of how that power could be misused, how plans could be made on the basis of "inside" information and carried out in a wave of publicity that made no pretense of denying official US involvement.)

Yet even at the moment of Dulles' victory, President Eisenhower and others added certain safeguards designed to deter a runaway CIA. The Agency was not to be granted funds sufficient to support such operations as the *Pueblo* or the Bay of Pigs, nor the manpower to carry them out. CIA was not to have for itself, on its own, the manpower, material and funds for "Secret Operations" which duplicated resources in other agencies. The authors of these restrictions felt they had set up adequate protection against Parkinsonian proliferation. They badly underestimated Allen Dulles and his disciples. By the end of the Eisenhower regime, the CIA was drawing manpower from nearly all government sources; it was getting material in abundance, primarily from Defense; it had its hand in the pocket of most other departmental budgets. Pure intelligence (the gathering of information) was but a tip of the iceberg. As much as 90 percent of the Agency's strength outside the US was in "Secret Operations," with the Department of Defense as chief supplier.

The role of the Director, Central Intelligence, it should be noted, is distinct from the CIA. The DCI has overall responsibility for intelligence, whether CIA, the military, the State Department or others. In a very special sense then, it follows that the Director, Central Intelligence may retain this authority when he has been authorized to mount a secret operation, such as the *Pueblo*. This fine distinction is raised by the statement of the present DCI and CIA chief, Richard Helms. "Neither this Agency [CIA] nor I personally," he said, "have had anything to do with the mission of the *USS Pueblo*, the ship itself or any of its crew." Mr. Helms carefully skirted the issue of whether the Director, Central Intelligence "had anything to do" with the mission. If he did not, why not, and who did? Either the Navy was operating on its own authority a clandestine mission in peacetime (contrary to national policy), or it was not. If it was not, and if the CIA was not, then Mr. Helms would have us look elsewhere. Could this mission have been under the operational control of the National Security

Agency? But a decision to have placed such an operation under the super-secret NSA would most certainly have involved the White House, State and Defense and the DCI.

One begins to understand why the Navy Admirals are having an embarrassing time over the *Pueblo*. The courage and judgment of Commander Bucher, the efficiency of Navy procedures are irrelevant. The *Pueblo* very probably was not sailing under the operational control of the Navy at the time of its capture. Once on the high seas, it came under the jurisdiction of another agency. At that point, the code of James Bond, not gallant old Navy, took over. That is the significance of Commander Bucher's comment, that "these people were not working for me." "These people" were the Intelligence Officer and 38 enlisted men on the *Pueblo*, isolated in an area that was closed from the rest of the ship by a triple-locked door, which Bucher was not free to enter at will. That the Navy did not have effective control of the mission is also indicated by its own statement that it had wanted to send a destroyer under heavy air cover and backed by a US ultimatum to North Korea to take the *Pueblo* out of the North Korean harbor after its capture, but that this plan was abandoned (fortunately) after "higher authority" intervened.

There will be many who buy the decoy stories and the trumped-up issues of "Navy regulations," "Go Down with the Ship," "More and Bigger Guns," "Destruction and Scuttling Devices," "Sea-worthiness," and all the rest. Allen Dulles would have been amused. Three days before the *Pueblo* incident, our government was notified by the North Koreans that they regarded the dispatching of "spy boats" as a "provocative act." The warning was ignored. Indeed last week the *Pueblo's* Chief Warrant Officer told a Naval hearing board that no one expected the North Koreans might move against a spy ship off its shores. The Intelligence Officer on board first became aware of trouble when he "heard the clatter of machinegun fire against the port side of the ship."

The key questions are: why was the *Pueblo* where it was when it was; under whose command control was it operating; and whose authorization is required to carry out such sensitive missions, which by their nature invite trouble and which, when they fail, may trigger consequences far more ominous than the capture of a ship and a crew. Such are the questions that should and probably won't be asked by the Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Rep. Mendel Rivers, in his "investigation." If, however, Senator Fulbright and his Foreign Relations Committee were to interest themselves in the matter, and dig to the bottom of the mysteries of command and control procedures in intelligence, there is some chance a badly befuddled public would end up knowing more than it does about this whole murky affair.

Hayakawa on Stage

"At most institutions the use of police is delayed as long as possible and when assistance is finally requested, the force is usually too small to handle the situation and new troubles develop. I went the other way. I had ample force available and demonstrated a willingness to use it quickly to protect people and property from attack. The opposition has received my message. I think I have communicated successfully."

S. I. Hayakawa

The acting president of San Francisco State is an avid practitioner of confrontation politics. This much, and little more, was clear after the semanticist came East last week to explain the convulsions on his campus. Hayakawa's text relies heavily on lessons drawn from the history of the last 30 years: an alliance of militant student and alienated faculty, employing Nazi tactics, is trying to destroy American society. Their motives are obscure, the lessons are not: If "troublemakers, dissidents, drug-users, agitators, anarchists, hooligans, yahoos, gangsters, fanatics, cowards, savages" can succeed at San Francisco State, they can take over anywhere.

When the reporters on *Face the Nation* pressed for specifics, they drew blanks. Why have there been seven presidents or acting presidents at San Francisco State in eight years? Are all the striking blacks and whites Hitlerites? Is the university really operating? How is he going to deal with the faculty members who walked the picket line in defiance of injunctions? Listening to this semanticist explaining the scene at his university was like watching someone trying to sculpt with peanut butter. Peter Janssen of *Newsweek* asked why Hayakawa had refused to negotiate with striking students, as administrators have done at Brandeis, Northwestern, and Stanford. It was the students, Hayakawa replied, who claimed that their 15 demands—mostly about the disputed black studies program—were not negotiable, or at least this is what came through the verbal fog:

"Now, look, if all 15 have to be granted at once, including 8 or 9 perfectly sensible ones, you attach a whole large number of others to them that are not sensible at all and put them all together and say you have to grant all 15 at once and these are non-negotiable, then obviously granting 6, 8, 10, 14 of them will still do no good, you see. . . . Therefore I say that this is a revolutionary movement . . ." etc.

He told the reporters that he favored "most enthusiastically" cutting off federal loan and scholarship aid to students convicted of disruption. (Most other university officials think such legislation is unjust as well as unenforceable.) The following day, appearing be-

fore the House subcommittee on education, he was less enthusiastic about cutting off aid—it wouldn't have much effect, since only a tiny number of the troublemakers at San Francisco State were receiving federal money.

Rep. Edith Green, the chairman, was puzzled: how could such a tiny minority cause so much trouble? All civilization rests on frail conventions, Hayakawa explained; if men started going to the ladies' rooms in airports, the airports wouldn't work. Mrs. Green wanted examples of personal intimidation of students by the faculty; it went on, she was told, "at many levels," such as grading. Rep. Pucinski wondered if there weren't some way to get the Attorney General to prosecute the clique of agitators who conspire to start campus riots. Hayakawa thought that might help. Rep. Burton wanted to know whether the fact that San Francisco State had reduced its proportion of black students over the last decade from 11 percent to 3.6 percent had any bearing on the recent troubles. It had.

At the close of his testimony Hayakawa gave Mrs. Green a tam o'shanter like the one he wears, only a different color. She seemed pleased.

Two for One

A new chapter is developing in the continuing saga of *Ramparts* magazine. After various incarnations as a cultural quarterly, a liberal Catholic bimonthly, a New Left monthly, and post-New Left biweekly, the magazine is splitting in two. Warren Hinckle III, its president and editorial director, is leaving with two or three staff members to found *Barricades*—basically the *Ramparts* mixture-as-before, but without the \$1.5 million *Ramparts* debt.

Hinckle's plan was to announce the bankruptcy and dissolution of *Ramparts* and the birth of *Barricades* on February 4. But Frederick C. Mitchell, publisher of *Ramparts* by virtue of a \$700,000 contribution, refused to acquiesce in the bankruptcy plans, so the original *Ramparts* will survive, at least for now, to compete with *Barricades*. Mitchell joined by Robert Scheer, editor of *Ramparts*, plans to scale down the lavish expenditures, putting out a cheaper, soberer, more political magazine. Editorial decisions will reportedly be made by the whole staff as a commune, à la SDS.

Hinckle wants *Barricades* to have more muckraking, less ideology. "It will no longer be a sacrilege to slap Castro once in awhile," says one source close to the magazine. *Barricades* will also be pro-Israel. *Ramparts* has generally followed the New Left line on the conflict in the Middle East, sympathizing with the Arabs as part of the romanticized third world.

Hinckle has made a name for himself through fund-raising and a carefully cultivated image as an adventurer of singular dash and verve. At the Democratic convention in Chicago, he managed to run up a \$5,000 hotel bill and threatened to rent the entire Pump Room so Water Cronkite would have to ask him for a table. Some months ago, piqued at the dearth of Manhattan taxis, he rented a car to go 17 blocks. Another night, in pursuit of a story on the Knights of Malta, he showed up in a Greenwich Village bar, disguised as a priest and shepherding a bevy of large-bosomed and tuxedoed Catholic faithful.

But rollicking adventure does not automatically produce a readable magazine, and while Hinckle was away (most of the time), the magazine was scratching for material, often throwing in Sunday supplement filler on fashions or somebody's arcane local cause. The New Left gradually lost interest, and when Hinckle rebuffed an attempt to turn *Ramparts* over to Tom Hayden, the magazine's perfidy was obvious for all to see.

Ramparts' troubles have included internal quarrels, chaotic bookkeeping, and an inability – despite superb public relations talents – to attract writers with something fresh to say. As if to compensate, the magazine has retained a love of the sportive gesture. As its “ombudsman editor,” for example, it named a former member of the underworld, fresh out of Leavenworth.

Hinckle is likely to stamp his personality on *Barri- cades* as firmly as he did on *Ramparts*. If so, the new journal will be directed in the grand manner, with large expense accounts, a genial muckraker's indifference to the philosophy of the left, and with bundles of cash wheedled out of affluent, but somewhat guilty, urban liberals. In his first three days of fund-raising for *Barricades*, Hinckle came up with \$165,000.

Consumer Protection

Betty Furness was won over by the consumer, to the surprise of those who thought anyone famous for hawking on TV would be ill-qualified to protect buyers from hucksters. The work appealed to Miss Furness, and she left her job in the White House fearing that Nixon would not share her zeal. Republican Presidents have not in recent memory been overfond of aggressive regulatory agencies, and although Mr. Nixon hasn't had time to do anything important one way or the other, the odds are that his interest is limited. Milton Friedman, the economist, predicted after the election that the new President would phase out those regulatory activities, which,

by impeding free competition, “have hurt you and me, not the big corporations.” Nixon told Betty Furness that the Consumer Affairs office she headed would be done away with. “Consumer protection,” she says he said, “should go back to the [established] federal agencies.”

The Food and Drug Administration, an established consumer-oriented agency, may be a bellwether of the new Administration's intentions. Chicago newspapers have carried the rumor that Nixon would appoint George Burditt, an attorney for Kraft Foods to replace the present Commissioner of Food and Drugs, Dr. Herbert L. Ley Jr., the second in what many believe should be a line of physician Commissioners. Ley's tenure began last July 1, the same day on which FDA's parent agency, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare underwent a reorganization that put FDA under a new Consumer Protection and Environmental Health Service (CPEHS, pronounced by insiders *See Fuss*). The Commissioner of Food and Drugs was deprived of direct contact with the Secretary of HEW, and ironically, also became less accessible to the drug lobby.

Ley lacks the charisma of his immediate predecessor, Dr. Goddard, but he has continued to recall adulterated and ineffective drugs. Ley angered industry recently by beginning proceedings to take off the market some of the largest selling drugs, fixed-combination antibiotics such as Panalba, made by Upjohn. It was done quietly, with no press release, as such, from FDA. Although Ley has been characterized by drug manufacturers as a fair man, they would like to put FDA back where it was – a semi-autonomous branch of HEW. According to a *Washington Post* report by Morton Mintz, this industry view has been put to Nixon by Elmer H. Bobst, the 82 year old “honorary father” of Mr. Nixon, also honorary chairman of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, and a contributor of \$55,000 to the Nixon campaign.

Such pressure and rumors of a new Commissioner may throw some light on the conciliatory speech of Dr. Ley to the National Canners Association meeting on January 21. He said that FDA would return to the tradition of earlier Commissioners Walter Campbell and Paul Dunbar. No mention of Dr. Goddard, who distinguished himself as a man with the patient rather than the pill people in the front of his mind. An unabated flow of regulations, said Dr. Ley, is a “sterile prospect.” He promised to run an agency open to communications from the industry. He promised not to embarrass unnecessarily the food and drug business in public: “I am aware of the power that has been handed to the FDA. I recognize that ill-considered pronouncements by the Agency can crucify an individual or a firm before he has an opportunity to respond. . . . We will have press releases about significant actions taken by the Agency, but we

are not going to substitute the press release for the rights of the court room." The speech feeds speculation that if the Administration goes soft on regulations, Dr. Ley will not take a hard line.

Graduate Student Draft

Fears that graduate schools would be decimated by the draft last fall were exaggerated and the alarms now sounded, in anticipation of the second semester, are too. Draft calls of about 33,000 a month this spring will not deplete graduate schools, whose male enrollments in 1967-68 totaled more than half a million. In any event only a fraction of the 33,000 called will be graduate students, and most of them can expect a postponement of service until the end of term.

Until there is no draft, men of conscience will have the option when called of refusing to serve, at their peril. It is a nasty choice to force anyone to make, but it is a choice. The anti-war movement would be strengthened by massive, selective conscientious objection to service in Vietnam by graduate students. But to argue that they should be passed over, so long as there is a conscription, is an argument for letting the unwashed take the rap. The draft is abominable, yes, but because the war is abominable.

Boumedienne of Algeria

The Would-Be Leader of Arab Militants

Algiers

Urban teenagers the world over stand frequency-adaptors beside radios to enable them to listen to air communications. In Algiers, it is one way of finding out how far President Hwari Boumedienne's unelected government has gone in putting the country into Russian hands. Listeners within 30 miles of Boufarik air-base, near Algiers, hear not only Russian intercom but Algerians talking ground-to-air control language among themselves in guttural Russian. Russian now appears to be the official language of military aviation in Algeria — just as it was French before independence.

Theoretically, there are no Russian air bases in Algeria, because all the bases used by Soviet MIG-23's,

or bigger aircraft en route to and from Havana, belong to the Algerian Air Force, which parks its own MIG's on them as well. When Boumedienne visited King Hassan of Morocco in January, and complained of the US naval base at Qenitra, Hassan said this was Moroccan too: US Ambassador Henry Tasca always informed the foreign ministry when he was going to Qenitra, Hassan said, just as he would before visiting "any Moroccan city."

But Russia's presence in Algeria appears to outclass America's at Qenitra — or in Libya, where the USAF has a base and a bombing range. Qenitra is the price of US aid and a guarantee against a serious Algerian invasion (there was a limited border war in 1963-64). But Algeria is Russia's most western base and may now become an Egyptian one also. Boumedienne made it clear, by his dramatic flight to Moscow in June, 1967, when he tried to restart the six-day war, that he is prepared to take over the war leadership of the Arabs. Boumedienne has voted himself the man most likely to succeed Gamal Nasser. To this end, he has offered sanctuary bases in the Sahara to the Egyptian Air Force. When Hassan brought this up in his talks with Boumedienne, and Boumedienne admitted making the offer, discussion became both violent and convoluted, witnesses say. Hassan has protected Moroccan Jews fairly well. He does not want a costly war to interfere with Morocco's modest boom and growing economic future. Moreover, a share in defeat might be all that is needed in Rabat to topple a government of courtiers shipwrecked behind the generation gap: the king, while more popular than his courtiers, might fall with them.

Boumedienne sees another round of fighting with Israel as essential, and clearly sees Algeria's implication in it as equally essential to his own ambitions. His army and air force would probably follow him, and fight well. His people, largely indifferent to politics now, are strongly anti-Israel. They are tired of war, but used to it. Meanwhile, the colonel has been busy mending his fences with his intimate enemies, the Moroccans, and has agreed to a friendship treaty with equally monarchic Libya. There will probably soon be overtures to Tunisia.

If Egypt uses Saharan bases, it will either need longer-range aircraft than at present, or will have to land and refuel in Egypt in both directions. Israel, in either case, would need longer-range aircraft, but the supposition in Rabat and Tripoli is that it has already acquired them or is doing so in order to be able to knock out the Aswan Dam. The official Libyan view is that the dam is so vulnerable as to make a further war unthinkable for Nasser. Boumedienne would regard the saving of a \$100-million dam as a picayune reason for not "crushing Israel." Algeria itself, whose oil and natural gas wealth will this year provide revenue equal to \$100 per head, has even more to

lose than Egypt. Yet in other ways, Boumedienne is more practical than Islamically orthodox. He has repealed the "Ben Bella prohibition law," so that the citizens of this winegrowing country can now get (as the local saying goes) "as drunk as Christians." Middle Easterners scoff at Boumedienne's pretensions. The Maghreb is remote, speaks funny Arabic; historically, Algeria has the least prestige of the Maghribi nations. But, put bluntly, Boumedienne is the only real war leader the Arabs have, and the Russians take him seriously. The Algerian Air Force, says a Russian instructor who has trained pilots in Iraq and Syria, is the best in the Arab world.

This does not mean that the Russians will encourage Boumedienne the Crusader. Moscow's peace plan for the Middle East, involving resettling Palestinians outside Palestine and opening the Suez Canal to a recognized Israel is a long way from orthodox Arab thinking. But neither will they necessarily discourage him, for if there is one thing they must surely want less than war it would be an Arab defeat on the humiliating, expensive lines of 1967.

Algeria is, geographically, a more interesting base than Egypt for the Russians. The talk here is of the reported Russian Intermediate Range (some say Inter-Continental) Ballistic Missile base in the Hoggar, Algeria's high Saharan plateau. Pointed at Europe or America, the base, if it exists, would seem to be both vulnerable and redundant in a submarine age. But pointed at South Africa, it would be different: it would be an *Algerian* base.

Last April, a discontented citizen fired a missile from a pistol, which furrowed Boumedienne's lip. Since then the regime's fanatical obsession with security has escalated. The President changes his residence regularly. Almost all the heroes of Algeria's superbly fought independence war have been shoved aside by "usurpers" like Boumedienne, who spent that particular war abroad. The colonel and his friends have many enemies. But if he survives, we shall hear more of him.

Russell Warren Howe

The Realities of Tax Reform

There are important lessons in realism to be learned from the painstaking, in many ways brilliant, proposals for tax reform that finally emerged from the Johnson Administration Treasury. By far the most important is the hardest for American liberals to swal-

low: meaningful reform to make our tax system more fair – to make all the rich pay something like a reasonable share – will not bring in the billions in revenue that many had thought. And thus reform to achieve tax *equity*, highly desirable in itself, is not the road to tax *reduction* for the rest of us.

This is all the more true if the reform package, like the Treasury's, includes changes to make sure that the poor, as officially defined, pay little or no tax. These changes by themselves cost enough revenue to offset the revenue gains from "loophole closing" or whatever description is used for the devices to make all the rich pay a good deal of tax.

It is difficult to accept, but it is true. Tax changes that save \$30 or \$50 or \$80 a year for millions of low-income families easily offset other changes that add as much as several hundred thousand dollars each to the tax bills of some 40,000 wealthy taxpayers who now wholly or largely escape tax. Well-meaning members of Congress who will press this loophole issue have been misleading on this point. They have persistently exaggerated the revenue-increasing effect of loophole-closing, at least any remotely feasible loophole-closing.

The matter can be put in another way. With no offsets in revenue loss, such as those to help the poor, and counting only the "revenue-gainers," the entire Treasury package would bring in only an extra \$3 billion a year. And of that, \$1.5 billion is from a proposal the Treasury never expected to see pass – eliminating charitable contributions as a deduction for all of us except as they exceed three percent of income. This was put in chiefly to "balance" the package – to make revenue gains equal losses. The changes to make all the rich pay some reasonable tax would bring in *only about \$1 billion*.

With that said, this package is probably the boldest move toward fairness in our tax system since the income tax itself was invented. Once the millions of us in the middle classes accept that catching the rich is not going to produce enough revenue to reduce our own taxes meaningfully, the package can be viewed on its purely equity merits. And they are great.

By far the greatest innovation is the concept of a "minimum tax." It is not wholly new. Robert Kennedy had grasped it, for example. But the outgoing Treasury's plan seems an ingenious combination of the fair and the politically acceptable. We all know of the handful of millionaires who pay no tax, and many more who pay little tax. This happens largely because some types of income are not taxable: half or more of income from capital gains, interest on municipal bonds, part of the income from oil and other mineral properties. In addition, there are ways of taking large deductions against that part of income that *is* taxable – such as oil drilling expenses, or the interest on money borrowed to buy stocks with which to make capital gains.

The Treasury proposal would go after this problem from both ends. If a man had half or more of his income from nontaxable sources, he would have to figure his tax in a different way and pay something – in fact a great deal by comparison with what he pays now, though still less than a man whose whole income of the same size was earned from salary. Second, allowable deductions would be reduced roughly in proportion to the amount of income that is tax-free. Thus if a man had 40 percent of his income from tax-free capital gains and oil “depletion” earnings, he would calculate his deductions as before but then reduce them by 40 percent. Again, this would make the rich tax “avoiders” pay more, substantially more in some cases.

The essence of the proposal is that it gets at the problem of the tax escape now available to some – though by no means all – of the rich, without tackling the deep philosophical and political question of whether the tax-free “exclusions” are justified in the first place. Philosophers and economists can argue until the end of time whether interest on municipal bonds should be tax-free; whether capital gains should be treated differently from income; whether mineral properties, including oil, that eventually exhaust themselves should have different tax treatment from other productive properties. The fact is that each of these concepts is deeply rooted in tradition and practice, and they are highly unlikely to be changed.

But the *injustice* they seem to produce can be changed through the concept of the minimum tax, and the reduced deductions for those not caught by the formula of the minimum tax. The changes, together,

would affect only about 400,000 people, but they would make all of us feel the tax system is more fair. For some of the 400,000 the increase in taxation would run to several hundred thousand dollars, for most much less. But at least, we would all know they were paying.

The same principle applies in the proposed reform of the estate tax. Without going into details, the chief reform – a major one – would tax for the first time the capital gains on assets, chiefly stocks, held by a man or woman until death. This would in no sense be confiscatory, though it would in many cases reduce somewhat the after-tax amount the wealthy can leave to their heirs. The extra revenue to be gained would permit – unlike the case of the income tax – a welcome reduction in the scale of estate tax rates.

The question before Congress is not a technical one. It is whether a handful of wealthy can block a wholly desirable reform of the tax system. The outgoing Secretary of the Treasury, Joseph W. Barr, spoke in full seriousness about the danger of a “middle-class taxpayers’ revolt.” It can be averted by this kind of reform. What is more, President Nixon may well see this idea – taxing *all* the rich by some meaningful amount – as a major political benefit to himself and his party. The package has an additional merit for those, not all mossbacked conservatives, who fear that too-high taxes can blunt incentives; it says that no man should ever pay more than 50 percent of his total income in tax, as some well-paid executives who cannot avail themselves of the tax-free sources of income now do. By every test, the general thrust of this tax reform appears to be an idea whose time has come.

Edwin L. Dale, Jr.

Nixon's Command Staff

by John Osborne

In the room and at the table where President Nixon sits with his Cabinet, his National Security Council, his Council on Urban Affairs, his Cabinet Committee on Economic Policy, and his Council of Economic Advisers, President Harry S. Truman leaned to his left on September 26, 1947, and touched James Forrestal, the first Secretary of Defense, on the knee. “Now, Jimmy,” Truman said, “this is going to be *my* Council.”

The National Security Act had just been signed, the National Security Council created by it had assembled in the Cabinet Room at the White House for its first meeting, and up to that moment there was doubt as to whether it would be Truman's Council or Forrestal's Council. Forrestal, who was already torn by the inward tensions that would drive him to suicide 18 months later, had arranged office space for the Coun-

cil secretariat and even for the President's assistant for national security affairs, Admiral Sidney Souers, in a suite next to his own at the Pentagon. He expected as Secretary of Defense to have a major part in formulating foreign as well as military policy, he had less than complete confidence in Mr. Truman's capacity in both spheres, and he saw in the new Council – which a study group appointed by him had conceived – a vehicle for asserting the influence on national policy he considered himself uniquely qualified to wield.

With the stand he took at that first meeting, Mr. Truman destroyed Forrestal's unreal hopes and made the NSC, then and ever afterward, in fact what it is in law – the President's Council and nobody else's. It and its supporting secretariat have been and can be no more useful than the incumbent President wants them to be. President Truman, who initially regarded the NSC as a potential intruder upon his responsibilities and prerogatives, smothered it with neglect until, in the difficult early months of the Korean War, he realized that it had acquired a symbolic importance in the public mind and that NSC sanction of unpopular policies could be helpful. President Eisenhower, with his Army training, valued the NSC's staff and advisory capabilities as Truman never had. Under Eisenhower, an attached Planning Board to develop policy, an Operations Coordinating Board to oversee the implementation of policy, and staffs drawn from State, Defense and the CIA to serve the boards and the Council itself overflowed from the cramped West Wing of the White House to the cavernous Executive Office Building across the closed street that separates the two. President Kennedy, who had a notion that he and a few aides could run the national security apparatus by telephone, demolished the entire Eisenhower structure. He allowed it to be rebuilt on a drastically reduced scale only after the Bay of Pigs disaster of 1961 awakened him, as the Korean War had awakened Truman, to the symbolic value of the Council and to the practical value of its staff organization.

President Johnson used the curtailed NSC setup much as John Kennedy used it – largely for staff purposes, with less regard than was publicly pretended for the Council as an advisory body. In addition to the advisory roles of his successive assistants for security affairs, McGeorge Bundy and Walt W. Rostow, Mr. Johnson relied upon the NSC staff of some 15 professional anonyms under Bromley K. Smith, the NSC's executive secretary, to keep him informed of all that was going on in the departmental labyrinths beyond the White House and to see to it, so far as possible, that his decisions were understood and obeyed by the State, Defense and other bureaucracies involved with foreign policy. Thus the NSC organization that Mr. Nixon inherited was in the main an organization of operators and communicators. It was small;

so secret that only the President, his assistant for security affairs, and the executive secretary had anything like adequate knowledge of what it was doing; and vulnerable to criticism for that reason. The symbolic reputation of the Council magnified the vulnerability, as was shown by Mr. Nixon with his absurd allegation during the 1968 campaign that "most of our serious reverses abroad since 1960" were due to neglect of the Council. The primary requirement of any NSC system is that it serve the President as he wants to be served. It is only a mechanism, composed at the Council level of officials (the Vice President, the Secretaries of State and Defense, the seldom noticed Director of Emergency Preparedness, and any others the President may include) who may be consulted in or outside the Council, and composed at the staff level of functionaries who could be available if there were no NSC.

But it would be as silly to underrate the NSC concept and system as it was of Mr. Nixon to overrate it for partisan effect last year. He was serious and not at all silly when he said, "I intend to restore the National Security Council to its preeminent role in national security planning." During the first fortnight of his Presidency, he and his assistant for security affairs, Mr. Henry A. Kissinger, moved rapidly if somewhat frenetically to fulfill that promise. President Nixon announced the Council would meet twice weekly until further notice, dealing when feasible with one priority problem at a time (e.g., the Middle East on February 1). The President insisted, in some instances overriding Mr. Kissinger's strong objections, that all but three members of the old NSC staff be dismissed forthwith and that only two of them (Harold Saunders, a Latin American specialist, and Roger Morris, Soviet and African affairs) be retained beyond the immediate transition. Mr. Nixon also dictated the tentative reorganization of the staff structure, generally following Kissinger's recommendations but making it very clear indeed that it was to be *his* Council and *his* staff organization, subject to use and change with experience as he, the President, might determine.

Kissinger turned to State, Defense, and the academies for a talented staff – "a real powerhouse," said a departing Johnsonite – that by last week totalled 25 substantive officers and is to peak at around 30, twice the number that served Kennedy and Johnson. It is hardly the aggregation of "new faces" that Mr. Nixon seemed to have in mind before he took office, but there are dissenters in every establishment and Mr. Kissinger may have some of them among his recruits. They include such career Foreign Service men as Viron Vaky (Latin America), Helmut Sonnenfeldt (Soviet affairs), Donald Lesh and Robert Houdek (who worked in Dean Rusk's personal secretariat). Morton Halperin, chief of the McNamara-Clifford policy and arms-control planning staff at the Pentagon and a writer of distinction on foreign affairs, is one of three

recruits who ranked as deputy assistant secretaries at State and Defense. Another of them is Richard Cooper, a Yale economist and specialist in international monetary affairs. Colonel Alexander M. Haig, lately a deputy superintendent at the West Point Military Academy, has been brought in to record the discussions and decisions at NSC meetings and to assist in NSC staff management. One of Mr. Nixon's campaign advisers, Richard V. Allen, was appointed deputy to Mr. Kissinger before the serious work of staff organization began after the Inauguration. A Kremlinologist with stern views on how to counter Soviet and Chinese Communist power, he has taken some lumps from columnists and, for the present, has been put under wraps in an office well removed from Kissinger's.

During the first fortnight, the NSC-Kissinger area in the White House basement bulged with new staffers who had neither offices, desks nor secretaries, worked on sofas, and had to confer with visitors in a teeming hallway. Mr. Kissinger's secretary laughed madly when a telephone caller asked for the secretary to Lawrence Eagleburger, a Foreign Service officer who had been assigned to Nixon headquarters in New York during the pre-inaugural transition and so impressed Kissinger that he was now the head man's executive assistant. Eagleburger, it developed, had a small desk in what had been the foyer outside the Kissinger office and a secretary would have had to sit on his lap. Richard Moose, co-author of a critical analysis of the Kennedy-Johnson operation, had been moved in with the outgoing executive secretary, Bromley Smith, giving rise to the supposition that Moose is destined to succeed Smith.

The staff structure approved and to some extent imposed by President Nixon is divided into three functional segments – "the operators," "the planners," and "the programmers." On its face, it does not seem to justify the pre-inaugural emphasis placed by Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kissinger upon more planning and less operating within the NSC system. The "operators" are to do for Mr. Nixon what the previous staff did for Mr. Johnson, drawing into the White House a mass of departmental information, sorting from it items that should concern the President, and conveying his instructions and reactions to the departments. The "planners" may do some original planning of their own, but their principal assignment for the time-being is to stimulate more and better planning at State and Defense – a task that already has been undertaken with gusto and has resulted in those departments being flooded with demands for reassessments and justifications of present policy and for new policy approaches. The "programmers" are supposed to bridge the geographic and jurisdictional lines that divide most policy functions (Africa from the Far East and Europe, economic aid from military aid, State from Defense) and

to view policy problems and programs on a global basis. The hope also is that they will bridge the gap between the planners and the operators, both at the White House and in the departments, trying to see that the planners don't get too far from immediate needs and that the operators don't get lost in current complications and detail.

At a "background" session with Kissinger in December, reporters got the impression that an Eisenhower-style Planning Board was to be reestablished as an important NSC adjunct and manned, as before, by assistant secretaries from State and Defense and their equivalents from CIA and the Treasury. The nearest thing to a Planning Board in the actual structure is a new Review Group to be chaired by Kissinger and to include senior departmental planners (the director of State's Policy Planning Council, for example). It is to be what the name suggests, a group reviewing policy proposals on their way up from the departments to the Council and the President, rather than originating policy within the NSC system. A "Committee of Under Secretaries," to be headed by the Under Secretary of State, is to replace the Senior Inter-departmental Group (SIG) established in 1966 by President Johnson in the hope, never satisfactorily realized, that it would have Presidential policy implemented as the President intended it to be. The subordinate Inter-departmental Regional Groups (IRG's), also set up in 1966 to implement policy at their levels, are to be retained, but with a difference of the kind that seems terribly important to policy bureaucrats. The old IRG's were headed by State Department chairmen and reported to the White House through department channels. The revised IRG's are to report directly to Kissinger and are to function as components of the NSC system rather than as satellites of State.

Those who describe the Nixon system acknowledge that it is fuzzy at this stage. There is about it a tinge of change for the sake of change. But the stated purpose behind the changes is good. It is to identify for the President all of the alternatives that are practically open to him in a given situation; to see that they go up to him through the Council in clear and actionable form; and to assure that his choices, once they have been thrashed out in the Council and made by him, are conveyed back to the bureaucracies in clear and actionable form. This has been the intended purpose of every NSC system devised since 1947 and the purpose has never been accomplished to the full satisfaction of any President.

What comes clear is that the Nixon NSC staff is not fundamentally designed to be either a planning staff or an operating staff. It is intended to be a command staff, through which President Nixon proposes to fasten and keep a firm grip upon the departments, primarily State and Defense, that will be applying or misapplying his policies.

The Trans-Pacific Air Route Tangle

By David Sanford

In commercial air route cases every Civil Aeronautics Board decision is controversial. The airlines that get the routes are pleased; those that don't, feel aggrieved. The current trans-Pacific case, the biggest in CAB history, is the latest and bloodiest example.

The route structure in the Pacific has been essentially the same for 20 years. In the fifties the CAB recommended to President Eisenhower, whose approval was required, that competitive routes be established in the Pacific, ending the near monopoly of Pan American, Northwest and United Air Lines. Two days before his term ended, Eisenhower decided, on foreign policy grounds, to reject Board proposals and leave the matter to the incoming Democrats. Similarly, at the end of his term, President Johnson had the opportunity to act. He agreed with his Board's recommendations, except notably with its plan to allow service to Tokyo by American Airlines. The Japanese, whose own Japan Air Lines resented the competitive intrusion, objected, and the State Department advised that the President should not permit another US line to fly into Japan. Johnson accordingly rejected American's application, while approving the remainder of the CAB decision. The President's action was controversial because he and the CAB, whose members are Presidential appointees, had come to quite different conclusions from the Board's independent examiner, Robert L. Parks. Parks had held hearings and recommended that the plums be allocated otherwise. Now President Nixon, heeding the pleas of airlines that lost out, has, possibly illegally, intervened by rescinding the awards and for the moment putting things back where they were 20 years ago. When the conflict is resolved, if it ever is, Nixon may wish he had never got involved.

For years, air business in the Pacific has been divided between Northwest, which flies the polar route from New York and other US cities to Tokyo; Pan American, which flies the Pacific to Honolulu and To-

kyo; and United, which has the major share of traffic from West Coast points to Hawaii. Trans World Airlines flies around the world, except for a stretch between Hong Kong and the western United States. (TWA, unlike Pan Am has an extensive domestic route system as well.)

President Eisenhower asked the CAB in 1958 to consider revising and modernizing this route structure, opening the area to competition and thus improving service and reducing fares, which were and are disproportionately high. The adequacy of service was considered and projections were made of future traffic. The Board in late 1960 recommended certain new routes. However, the President, who has jurisdiction in international cases, rejected the recommendations in toto, on the grounds that foreign relations would be adversely affected. The United States generates more than half of all airline traffic in the world, but is reluctant to pit more than one or two of its privately owned airlines against foreign lines, often state owned. Triplication of service abroad is considered bad international relations.

In the fifties case Pan American, which stood to lose from any change, argued that the routes could not withstand additional carriers, especially since jets, with their increased seating capacity, were about to go into service. (Pan Am is now arguing that the big 747's are on the way and that they can handle the load, and the profit themselves.) However, in rejecting any change, Eisenhower was primarily concerned about Japanese fears of declining revenues for Japan Air. The can of worms was not opened again until 1966, when President Johnson asked the CAB to take another look.

So instructed, the Board follows a complicated procedure of hearings, briefs, studies, and also submits the issues to an independent examiner who conducts his own quasi-judicial hearings. His final opinion, sub-

mitted to the CAB, is considered in the Board's decision, reached by a vote of the five members. The examiner is generally more isolated than the Board; he considers fewer cases; he is perhaps not as familiar with the overall industry situation as is the Board, whose members do a good deal of fraternizing with airlines and their representatives. In the current case, examiner Parks proposed new routes for Eastern, Northwest, Pan American, TWA, United, Western and Flying Tiger. He rejected routes for Braniff, American and Continental. The CAB disagreed and granted routes to Braniff, American and Continental, as well as to Northwest, TWA, Western, Flying Tiger, and United. The CAB, unlike its examiner, gave no new service to Eastern.

The discrepancies between the recommendations of the Board and its examiner made the Board's final recommendations more controversial than they would have been had there been a consensus. The President was sent the Board's findings and he approved them, but as noted, he refused, on advice from the State Department, to allow American to fly to Tokyo. This left American unable to fly to Hawaii or Tokyo since the CAB's original recommendation gave American permission to fly to Hawaii only if the planes and passengers were going on to Tokyo or elsewhere west. A tangential flap arose when Johnson wrote the Board recommending that since American would not be allowed Tokyo, then it ought to be considered for Hawaii alone. Presidents have international jurisdiction but are not to meddle in domestic routing. The whole question is now up in the air, and at least insofar as American's service to Hawaii is concerned the planes are grounded.

Naturally, carrier representatives on both sides are spreading rumors they hope will establish that Johnson's decision was, or was not, tainted by cronyism and special interest. Both cases can be made.

When Johnson approved the trans-Pacific case in December he thought the matter was closed. Petitions for reconsideration were invited by the CAB, as is customary, but the airlines that had won routes felt so certain they had their bequests secured that they began spending money. Continental's President Robert Six, a collector of art and actresses, took planes out of his Southeast Asia fleet (a service solicited by the CIA when its own Air America was about to lose its cover in 1964). He rented counter space in Honolulu, ordered new planes.

But four days before the Nixon Inaugural, newspapers began to run stories implying that improper influence had been exerted to gain routes for airlines run by or employing pals of Lyndon Johnson. Senator Robert Griffin gave a speech about Johnson cronies, and the campaign to sway Nixon began.

Thomas Finney, Jr., a law partner of Clark Clifford,

the recent Secretary of Defense and Johnson friend, represents Continental Airlines. He believes that the flurry of news stories was not coincidental but had been planted by Eastern Air Lines to get Nixon to intervene. Had the Johnson action been questioned in December, Finney contends, there would be no suspicion of manipulation, but beginning as they did in mid-January, the stories were clearly part of "an enormous campaign by Pan American and Eastern, supported ineptly by United, to get Nixon to interfere."

Finney charges that Eastern, whose largest stockholder is Laurance Rockefeller, was represented by the Rockefeller brothers in the New York financial community, on Capitol Hill and to the President directly, and was ultimately successful in getting Nixon on January 24 to rescind the Johnson approval.

It is unclear whether Nixon acted in response to a letter-writing campaign by congressmen and senators, as he says he did, or whether he had decided some time before, after talking with Nelson Rockefeller, that the case should be reopened. But between the press and the pressures, enough serious questions had been raised to give Nixon an excuse to step in.

Those who support the Nixon intervention argue that the CAB examiner, not the Board itself, should have been listened to. Board members are appointed politically (Johnson named the present chairman, John Crooker, a Houston attorney and Johnson fund-raising friend). Senator Griffin was impressed by a column by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak that listed the Johnson friends in the airline industry: Troy Post, James Ling, Walter Jenkins and Cliff Carter (Braniff); Warren Woodward, Horace Busby and Jake Jacobsen (American); Continental was represented by Clark Clifford et al; Lloyd Hand is "closely connected" with Continental. Johnson's last Secretary of Commerce, C. R. Smith, was once president of American. Johnson's assistant, Joseph Califano, is now a lawyer with the firm representing Braniff. Another assistant, Harry McPherson, will join a firm representing Northwest.

In fairness, the President did not make the awards; he approved the Board's. His defenders say he had set ground rules which included his intention to approve whatever the Board recommended, limited only by considerations of US international relations, and not to attempt to modify the awards in any way. In the case of American Airlines, the company of which the President was said to be most enamored, the three Democrats who make up the majority of the five-man CAB, voted for American's routes to Tokyo. The President, in some pain, rejected American. That does not look like cronyism. Secretary C. R. Smith, the former chief executive of American, took himself and his department out of deliberations on the case to avoid any appearance of conflict of interest. The award of routes to Hawaii and the South Pacific to Continental won out over Eastern by a four-to-one bipartisan majority

of the Board – Minetti, a Democrat appointed by Eisenhower; Murphy, a Democrat appointed by Kennedy; Adams, a Republican appointed by Johnson, and Crooker, a Johnson Democrat. Only Gilliland, a Republican placed on the Board by Eisenhower, dissented.

Continental seemed preferable to Eastern in part because it could provide point-to-point competition with United from California points to Hawaii, whereas the Eastern application was for routes that would bypass California and the West. Its planes would have taken off from the East and flown to Hawaii and the South Pacific either directly or with intervening stops in Mexico. It would be stretching a point to suggest that Eastern could have competed with Pam Am and United, which fly the California-to-Hawaii route. The necessity for competition was the reason for the case in the first place.

According to press reports both Eastern and American have attempted, albeit unsuccessfully, to hire lawyers from Nixon Administration law firms. American tried to co-opt the law firm of Secretary of State William P. Rogers. Eastern tried to cozy up to Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander & Mitchell. Pan American contributed to the Nixon campaign. And Nelson Rockefeller reportedly approached Nixon in behalf of Eastern.

Aside from whether the decision has any political

taint, Nixon's rescission of the Johnson approval may not be legal. The law provides for CAB decisions in international route cases to be submitted to the President for approval prior to their publication in the Federal Register. President Truman once approved such a board order, then changed his mind and called it back for a veto. TWA, the airline involved, went to federal court. The court refused to upset Truman's action on the grounds that he had changed his mind *before the order had been published*. "We see no good reason," wrote the court, "why delivery of an order to the President's adviser [the CAB] should put beyond his control prompt reconsideration of it while the order still remains unpublished and unknown to the parties, and no one can have acted in reliance on it." In the current case Johnson signed the order, it *was* published, and the airlines have already sunk money in their new routes (Continental has 5,000 reservations for flights to Hawaii beginning March 5, which cannot now take to the air). Continental's attorneys view Nixon's reconsideration as Indian-giving but say they do not plan to sue. "You don't get an injunction against a President who's been in office for four days, then spend years in court if you want your planes in the air next month," says Continental's Thomas Finney. The most that can be hoped for is that Nixon will now act with dispatch and allow some answer to the need for airline competition in the Pacific.

Regimented Non-Education Indian Schools

by Daniel Henninger and Nancy Esposito

Senator Edward Kennedy has taken over the chairmanship of his late brother's Indian Education Subcommittee, which is soon to release a report recommending basic changes in the ways we educate Indian children. It's about time. The Bureau of Indian Affairs spent \$86 million of its \$241 million budget in 1968 on the education of 55,000 Indian children, and there's little to show for it.

Nearly 60 percent of these youngsters must attend BIA boarding schools, either because there's no public

or federal day school near their home or because they are "social referrals" (BIA jargon for anything from a bilingual difficulty to serious emotional disorders and juvenile delinquency). One percent finish college. In Alaska there is only one federal high school, so two-thirds of the Alaskan Indians are sent to a boarding school in Oregon; 267 others go to school in Chillico, Oklahoma. The Navajo nation comprises one-third of the BIA's responsibility, and 92 percent of its children are in boarding schools. The schools

have a 60 percent dropout rate, compared to a national average of 23 percent.

Assimilation has been the aim of the Bureau of Indian Affairs since the early 1800's. But it no longer expresses that purpose in the embarrassing language of a World War II House subcommittee: "The final solution of the Indian problem [is] to work toward the liquidation of the Indian problem rather than toward merely perpetuating a federal Indian Service working with a steadily increasing Indian population." From the BIA's "Curriculum Needs of Navajo Pupils" we learn that the Navajo child "needs to begin to develop knowledge of how the dominant culture is pluralistic and how these people worked to become the culture which influences the American mainstream of life . . ."; "needs to understand that every man is free to rise as high as he is able and willing . . ."; "needs assistance with accepting either the role of leader or follower . . ."; "needs to understand that a mastery of the English language is imperative to compete in the world today . . ."; "needs to understand that work is necessary to exist and succeed. . . ."

Often the government places children in federal boarding schools at the age of six or seven; over 9,000 under the age of nine are so placed. That quite a few parents resist having their young taken from home for a year is indicated by a 1966 HEW survey: 16,000 Indian children between the ages of eight and 16 were not in school.

The Indian school curriculum is standard: ancient history, European history, American history, geography, arithmetic, art, music (an Indian "needs training in proper tone production in order to properly and effectively sing Western music"). Not much about *their* history. The Interior Department investigated Indian schools in Alaska last spring and found that "education which gives the Indian, Eskimo and Aleut knowledge of - and therefore pride in - their historic and cultural heritage is almost nonexistent. . . . In the very few places where such an attempt is made, it is poorly conceived and inadequate." Most of the boarding school teachers are aware of the variations in language, dress and customs of their students, but their sensitivity to the less obvious differences in Indian values, beliefs and attitudes is peripheral and by the way. Most Indian children speak English poorly or not at all; communication between teacher and pupil is difficult or impossible. Yet Bureau schools conduct *all* classes in English.

It doesn't take long to discourage young, dedicated teachers: "Most of the teachers came to Chilocco because of humanitarian reasons," said a former teacher

at the Oklahoma boarding school. "They saw the pitiful situation and truly wanted to help, but after months of rejection and failure, they either quit or they began looking at it as an eight to five job with no obligation to their students." A teacher at an Arizona school wrote the BIA last year, suggesting that the inclusion of courses in agriculture and native crafts might arouse his habitually unresponsive students. "This idea [didn't] set well with many of the 'old hands' among the administrators," he later said. "The only thing that came out of it were some dark days for me, and a label as a trouble-maker." The turnover rate among teachers is double the national average. To an Indian child, the teacher is a stranger passing through. An obvious remedy is to enlist more Indian teachers. At present only 16 percent of the Bureau's teachers are Indian, and with only one percent of the Indians graduating yearly from college, there is little chance that the percentage will rise.

Estranged from his family, confronted with an alien culture and unable to talk to his teachers, the Indian's academic performance is predictably poor. What is harder to explain is the "crossover phenomenon." For the first few years of school, Indian achievement parallels that of white children and then slowly but persistently regresses. An Indian starts to fall behind between the sixth and eighth grades, and if he doesn't drop out finishes high school with a 9.5 grade education. Despite this regression, a boarding school student is never held back for academic failure; at the end of each year, he is promoted to the next grade whatever his performance. Summer school programs are scarce. Bureau teachers are contracted by the year, and one-third go on educational leave during the summer while the rest clean up the schools, take inventory and so on. As a result the typical high school class contains highly intelligent students as well as many who should still be in grade school. The teacher tries to compensate by aiming his instruction somewhere between the two extremes, so much of the class drops off to sleep or stares blankly at books.

One would think that after school the children could find some release from this dreariness, in the dorms or in some extracurricular activity. Life at a federal boarding school, though, is regimented and arbitrary. Seen from the air, many of the schools look like military installations - complexes of one-color, one-texture buildings set in the middle of otherwise barren areas. The impression of physical isolation mirrors the cultural isolation in the classroom. The building-complex usually includes dormitories (boys and girls), classroom buildings and housing for the staff. Many of the buildings are in disrepair. In a number of places (Tuba City, Arizona, for example) condemned buildings are still in use. The Fort Wingate Elementary Boarding School in New Mexico uses old Fort Win-

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gate, once commanded by Douglas MacArthur's father. Forty years ago, the Brookings Institution's Merriam Report declared this plant unsuitable.

Even the new buildings are designed to reinforce the numbing sterility. Long, narrow, lifeless dormitories house row upon row of double-decked iron beds and little else. Windows are sometimes barred. Floors are bare; the vivid personal decorations that are so much a part of many Indian communities are discouraged. Dress, too, is strictly regulated. The system makes individualizing one's appearance or environment fairly impossible. Beneath all the regulation is the Bureau's implicit concept of the children: all Indians are alike. In reality some children are at boarding schools because there is no alternative schooling available, while an increasing number, the "social referrals," come to the schools with serious emotional problems. Dr. Anthony Elite of the Public Health Service's Indian Health office in Phoenix has said that "with this great change in the profile of the student body, there has not been a concomitant change in staffing skilled workers or training existing personnel to cope with these problems."

Each hour of a child's day is planned by the clock, with strict schedules posted in the dorms. Classes, meals, study periods, chores, free-time, bed — the routine never varies. Frequent headcounts are taken to quickly identify runaways or "AWOLS" as the Bureau calls them. Demerits are handed out for breaking the rules. The demerits can be removed by performing extra chores or by sacrificing privileges like TV, a school movie or snacks. At the Chinle Elementary Boarding School each child has a punchcard fastened to the end of his bed with punched holes representing demerits on one side and merits on the other. A little boy proudly displayed his card to a visitor. He was especially proud of the large number of holes he had accumulated. Most of the holes were on the demerit side. He didn't know the difference. At another school two small boys were seen sitting on the floor, tearing up old textbooks as a punishment.

Dr. Robert Bergman, a PHS psychiatrist on the Navajo Reservation said, "the somewhat limited social opportunities of the boarding high school give the

adolescent students few protected ways of exploring boy-girl relationships. The sexes are pretty well kept separate most of the time, and even casual contact between them is looked on with some suspicion by school officials anxious about possible scandal. A hostile rebellious attitude develops in the students, and they make their own opportunities away from the potential help of adults. Many students make a very abrupt transition from no dating at all to sneaking out to drink and make love." The administration's response to such behavior is more repression and school officials at a number of boarding schools cite discipline as their most important problem. Asked what he would do if given more money, the superintendent at Chilocco said he would build a jail and hire more guards.

To maintain discipline, the schools eliminate as many outside or uncontrollable influences as possible. A visitor is discouraged from talking to the children. A child "caught" talking to a visitor gets a sharp warning glance from a school official. Authorities address the children in English and discourage using native language in both the classroom and dorms. Dr. Bergman relates the rather bizarre results of this policy: "I often encounter [dorm attendants] who pretend not to speak Navajo. They have become so convinced that speaking Navajo is a bad thing to do that they often won't admit that they can. [Most attendants are themselves products of boarding schools.] The children learn that what they say in Navajo is effectively kept secret from the authorities even if one of the Navajo-speaking members of the staff hears them, because the Navajo staff member will be too ashamed of having understood to tell anyone."

School authorities in effect dictate when children may go home for weekends and when parents may visit the schools. The Bureau has a *de facto* policy of discouraging such visits, because the children are noticeably upset and troublesome afterwards, and the number of runaways invariably increases. To reach the school, parents must travel long distances over roads that are impassable most of the year. The schools afford them neither accommodations nor transportation. At the easily accessible Fort Wingate school, signs on the dormitory doors announced that no child would be permitted home for two weekends prior to Thanksgiving. A teacher at the Tuba City Boarding School wrote of the problem last year to Sen. Robert Kennedy, then chairman of the subcommittee on Indian Education: "Most children on the reservation starting at age six only see their parents on occasional weekends, if that often. At these times parents are usually allowed to check out their children — if the child's conduct in school warrants it, in the opinion of the school administration. If he has been a 'problem' (e.g., has run away) parents are often not allowed to take him until he has 'learned his lesson.' "

COMING: reconsidering
relations between Paris
and Washington —
by Stanley Hoffmann

The students' most visible emotional problem is boredom – the deadening routine of marching in line to meals and class, the lack of recreation or an interesting diversion. The letter to Sen. Kennedy summarized the emptiness of life at a boarding school: "The children search everywhere for something – they grasp most hungrily at any attention shown them, or to any straw that might offer some escape from boredom. You can't help but see it in their faces when you visit the dorms of the younger children. At the older boys' dormitories, they are used to the conditions – you can see that, too. They no longer expect anything meaningful from anyone."

Their reaction to this gradual dehumanization is extreme. Recently on the Navajo Reservation, two young runaways froze to death trying to make it to their homes 50 miles away. Escape through glue-, paint- and gasoline-sniffing is as common as chronic drunkenness at the boarding schools. On Easter morning two years ago, authorities at the Chilocco school found a Crow boy who had apparently drunk himself to death. More recently a runaway at the Albuquerque Boarding School was found frozen to death after an alcoholic binge.

Suicide among young Indians is over three times the national average and an even greater problem at the boarding schools. Yet the Superintendent of the Albuquerque school said he had never seen an Indian suicide in any school in his 28 years of experience. Testifying before Sen. Kennedy's subcommittee, Dr. Daniel O'Connell found evidence to the contrary: "The situation as far as suicide is concerned is especially acute among the boarding school children, particularly in high school. . . . In the Busby School in the Northern Cheyenne Reservation, for example, with fewer than 250 students, there were 12 attempted suicides during the past 18 months."

The closest thing the child has to a surrogate parent is the so-called instructional aide or dormitory attendant. Aides are responsible for the children in the dorms and supervise their routine activities – dressing and washing the smaller children, housecleaning and free time. Psychologically, the instructional aide is the most important member of the staff, since the dorm is the closest thing the children have to a home life. But he is the lowest paid and has the lowest status in the school hierarchy. Each aide is expected to care for 60 to 80 children. At a conference with Dr. Bergman, an aide asked for help in getting her 75 first-graders to put their shoes by their beds at night. Every morning is mass hysteria as seven-year-olds scramble for a missing right or left shoe. Night attendants are responsible for 180 to 260 children, so there is rarely someone to comfort a youngster having a normal childhood nightmare.

The instructional aides are not encouraged to take a personal interest in the children. An aide was se-

verely reprimanded for inviting some girls to her room to make Navajo fry-bread. The authorities would prefer that the system's few professional guidance counselors handle the children's problems. The present ratio of students to counselors is 690 to one. One counselor complained that 30 to 40 percent of his time is spent retrieving runaways, another 30 percent supervising housekeeping, leaving little time for serious counseling.

For its more serious problems – the suicide-prone, the alcoholics, the psychotics – the BIA employed one full-time psychologist last year for the entire federal school system. A rebellious or uncooperative student gains a reputation as a "troublemaker" and is expelled from one school after another until he is old enough to drop out. A Fort Hall boy who has attempted suicide six times was sent to Chilocco last fall for lack of anywhere else to send him. Among the Indians, Chilocco is considered the end of the line.

The Rough Rock Demonstration School in northeastern Arizona is a welcome anomaly in this chain of dead-end desert schools. Jointly funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity and the BIA, the Navajo boarding school is innovative in that it is run by Indians. The seven Indians who comprise the school board set school policy, hire and fire teachers and manage the school's \$790,000 budget. The curriculum includes daily instruction in Navajo culture, history and language, and the school's Cultural Identification Center attracts talented Navajo artists and translators to produce meaningful texts for Indian children. Nor is the built-in bleakness of dorm life found at Rough Rock. The school has 10 counselors, and parents are invited to live in the dorms for eight-week periods (reducing the child-adult ratio to 10 to one). The parents work as dorm aides, with pay, and attend adult education programs, since many are less-educated than their children. Students are encouraged to go home on weekends and the school provides transportation for those who would otherwise have to stay at school. The school's teachers make periodic visits to the children's homes to let the parents know how their children are doing. (The parents of many children at other schools haven't the slightest idea of what grade their children are in.) Of the school's 82 full-time employees, 62 are Indians, and for many it is their first permanent job. It is too early to say whether Rough Rock's community-involvement approach is the answer to Indian education. The experiment is expensive (\$2,500 per student) and the school will have to look elsewhere for support after OEO funding expires in June. What the Indians at Rough Rock have proved is that given effective control of the immediate forces that shape their lives, they can be a success, qualified in measurable achievement, total in terms of self-respect.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

If

Paramount

Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher

20th Century-Fox

Lindsay Anderson is a sore subject. If there were a way to rate talent in the abstract, he would rank high among the world's directors. He has a fine cinematic intelligence that is clearly fertilized by sensitivity to other arts and by social engagement. But talent is not valuable—to others, at least—outside of works; and Anderson's two feature films to date are serious disappointments. *This Sporting Life* (1963) had some of the best sport sequences and some of the fiercest man-woman quarrels I have seen on film, but it ran out of dramatic energy and ended in debilitated symbolism. His new film, *If . . .*, has passages in it of extraordinary beauty—not only visually but in concept, editing, and rhythm; yet the dissipation toward the end is even more marked than in his first picture.

The title is from Kipling, I suppose, and the setting is the British public school. The theme is the conflict between the nature of youth and the leather of tradition, with the latter enhanced by the cruelty of older students (whips) who are given authority and by the beastliness of all boys from time to time. Intellectual attitudes toward the public school have changed since the days when Byron grew to love Harrow. (See Orwell's *Such, Such Were the Joys*.) But the very Englishman who recalls his own school experience with some horror rushes to "put down" his son for that same school on the day the son is born. The good schools are still the best manufactories of the right accent; and the right accent is still desirable despite all the prattle about classlessness and all the affectations of lower-class or American speech. It is still important to have the right accent to slum from.

The persistence of class devotions among parents and teachers is what

underlies Anderson's film. He and his scriptwriter David Sherwin begin fascinatingly with a quasi-Brechtian approach: not with the mere use of part-titles but with what might be called the view of a compassionate anthropologist. As the boys return to start a new term, Anderson slides a number of "samples" before us, to establish the environment and to place them as personalities, yet not so close as to create a protagonist or organize a story. The purpose is conspectus, and in the first portion of the film, the effect is quite exciting as all the cinematic elements are used with great skill by a real mind with a real view.

But doubts begin to assail as quirkiness begins to be evident. First—because it's the first quirk to become apparent—why are there recurrent black-and-white sequences in this well-photographed color picture? No pattern or point is ever made of this. Then, why, in a detailedly realistic picture, do grotesqueries of conduct suddenly appear? The padre hides in a drawer in the headmaster's office in order to hear a boy's apology. The stuffy general keeps orating on Speech Day even though smoke is plainly pouring up from the cellar. What about the loose plot ends? What happened to the two boys who stole a motorcycle? What happened to the whip whose homosexual proclivities were tested by being given a pretty boy as his servant?

More serious than these oddities is the strained imagination that is enforced on the film about halfway through. The first sign is during a tussle between a boy and a café waitress. We suddenly get a glimpse of the pair naked. Whose vision of nakedness is it, his, hers, or the director's? In a later scene the housemaster's plain but curvy wife wanders naked through an empty dormitory. We have seen earlier how, to the virtually isolated boys, she has become a kind of desperate sex image. But where is this naked wandering taking place? Is it real—a demented moment in the sex-starved woman's life? Is it in the imagination of a boy—all the boys? Or is it Anderson's comment? If we knew, the scene in one way or the other would probably be affecting. But no connection with it is possible, and it floats by, its nerve-ends disjointed from the rest of the film.

The worst injury, however, comes from Anderson-Sherwin's response to

the film's need for dynamic sustenance. About halfway through, I began to wonder what was going to keep this picture going. Up to then it had been varyingly successful "documentation"—of the cruelties of school, the cruelties and beauties of youth. Could it just go on documenting? I wondered. Evidently the director and writer wondered about the same thing, and they inserted plot sequences that wrench the film out of even its previously inconsistent tone, out of its existence. First, there is armed revolt by three boys with blank cartridges; and the film ends in armed revolt with live ammunition. The quad is strewn with corpses. Presumably this is the realization of fantasy, but it fails because it is given no reference of reality or irony. If, for instance, there had been a final shot of the quad unlit with corpses, with the rebels meekly marching out of the assembly into the channels of school, it would not have transformed the end into a triumph of the imagination but would at least have located it as bitter dream. Anderson's finish is unsyntactical and ruinous.

All of the cast are competent, with Robert Swann outstanding as a sadistic whip.

On the evidence so far, I would guess that Anderson's best chance to fulfill himself is to find a producer who has keener editorial judgment than his, and to rely on him. What Anderson chooses to do, he usually does extremely well; but his choices in the course of any one film are erratic.

Coincidentally comes another film that is set, partly, in an English public school. *Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher* is the clumsy title of the film made from Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, unhappily symptomatic of the way that excellent novel has been bootied about. Much of the trouble is that, with a few exceptions like Leo McKern and Robert Harris as two eccentric teachers, most of the performances are poor. Colin Blakely does a bad revue-sketch act as the criminal school handyman. As Margot Beste-Chetwynde, the French actress Genevieve Page (of *Belle de Jour*) shows once more how the struggle with a foreign language can unsettle a good actor. (Remember how incredible Yves Montand was in American films—a performer whose chief attribute in French films is a Spencer Tracy credi-

(Continued on page 34)

T. G. Rosenthal: A Sense of the Great City

The London Novels of Colin MacInnes

Introduction by Nat Hentoff
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$7.50)

To issue these three very disparate books as *The London Novels* of Colin MacInnes is, by virtue of the act itself, a brave thing to do and, by virtue of the actual title, a remarkably accurate focus upon the essence of MacInnes's talent as a novelist. The bravery consists in publishing, for an American audience, something as obsessively *local*, and hence untranslatable, as, say, Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* or Daniel Fuchs's three Brooklyn novels. Not that MacInnes's books are Jewish, although he has an intuitive understanding of, and sympathy for, Jews. Yet, although these three books were published separately and deal with, chiefly, Negroes (*City of Spades*), teenagers (*Absolute Beginners*), and policemen and pimps (*Mr. Love and Justice*), the one factor that unites them is the almost tangible feeling for London which causes, as much as his empathy with his protagonists, a close sense of identification in his English readers that must necessarily be lacking in an American audience.

City of Spades is MacInnes's third novel, but his first good one. His *To the Victors the Spoils* was about the European war and, unfortunately, contrived to communicate the boredom of war in a way that the author did not perhaps intend. His next, *June in her Spring*, a touching, but slight, account of young love blighted in philistine Australia, reads, although it was published second, like the classic first novel of adolescent agony. Consequently, when *City of Spades* appeared, one greeted it with a double pleasure; that of reading a good book and that of seeing a talent one had previously believed in, without adequate evidence, come to fruition. In form, *City of Spades* is a first person duologue, the chapters alternating between the Negro, Johnny Macdonald Fortune and the white, Welsh Montgomery Pew. Pew, despite being Welsh, is one of those amiable, well-meaning Englishmen who is not par-

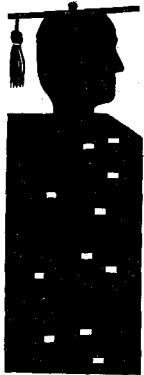
ticularly good at anything and drifts from one second class job to another, but in a crisis is often useful and always loyal. Fortune is a West African student with a splendid physique, who smokes pot, gambles away his money, cuts classes, starts peddling pot, impregnates a white girl whom he does not want to marry and gets framed by the police on a pimping charge. Inevitably, he likes jazz and is a superb dancer. Fortune himself and the book as a whole are redolent of received ideas about race in general and blacks in particular. If read superficially the book would delight any follower of George Wallace or Strom Thurmond, since Fortune is sexually, financially and morally irresponsible and his modern, black rake's progress and ignominious retreat back to Africa are exactly what such people would expect. In its final aspect of voluntary repatriation, the plot would gladden the heart of Enoch Powell himself. Yet, to those whom the white supremacists would call nigger-lovers, the book is equally, superficially, what they would want to read. Rather than being a feckless, quasi-criminal, Fortune moves with such animal grace, has such courage and vigor and is in general so bursting with vitality and life force that one would forgive him anything.

MacInnes is, as any one knows who has ever seen him drinking with Negro friends in a Notting Hill pub, neither a white supremacist nor a nigger-lover. He is one of the few white men I have met who lives racial equality as well as he preaches it and who is as totally accepted by black men as he totally accepts them. Consequently *City of Spades* is a beautifully worked out analysis of the racial conflict and its apparent insolubility. There are things that strike one as unsatisfactory on rereading the book in 1969, such as the inevitably dated references to monsters from the past, like Dr. Malan. MacInnes has, I think, an unfortunate tendency to give his

characters facetious names: the wicked policeman, Inspector Purity, and the slightly shyster lawyer, Mr. Zuss Amor. But these are minor points. What makes this novel most readable is, apart from its stylistic felicity, the creation of London's Negro subculture. These eponymous spades, it must be remembered, are a—I was about to write "jumble" but that, as MacInnes points out, is the generic African term for Englishmen (John Bull=jumble)—mixture of tribal Africans and sharp city dwellers from all over Africa with a sprinkling of West Indians. All the groups have their sharply defined characteristics and none, apart from the color of his skin, has any real relationship to American Negroes, a handful of whom—but no more—pass through the book as peripheral characters. MacInnes is highly expert about African food, clubs, landlords. But *City of Spades*, were it merely a sociological tract or a black (in terms of both color and art) documentary would be a bore. MacInnes has turned his considerable gifts of observation into a highly intelligent, witty and enjoyable book.

Although the three novels are in no sense a trilogy, the first does look forward in different ways to the other two. The basic theme of *City of Spades* is color, and the hero of *Absolute Beginners* approaches the threshold of adulthood through the experience of the Notting Hill race riots of the late fifties. *Absolute Beginners* is a celebration of the teenage thing, but there is about it none of that rosy tinted allure that always creeps in when middle-aged writers try vicariously to recapture their youth. MacInnes's teenagers include a 16-year-old pimp, a 19-year-old pornographic photographer, a narcissistic homosexual and some totally repellant thugs. Not, on the surface, the best raw material for a literary celebration of those key figures of the fifties, discovered alike

Bureaucracy in Education



By James G. Anderson

The recent teacher strike in New York City dramatized the clash between America's educational systems and the individual. Dr. Anderson's case study of a major urban center's school system indicates that excellence in education will depend on whether the public school teacher is to be an impotent bureaucrat or a respected professional.

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The Broken Triangle

Peking, Djarkarta,
and the PKI

By Sheldon W. Simon

In October 1965 an abortive communist coup in Indonesia led to a bloodbath in which 500,000 may have died. What led up to this slaughter, and what is its meaning for Southeast Asia? Sheldon Simon probes Sino-Indonesian relations from the late 1950's to 1967 and challenges the assumption of the "domino theory" that China can eventually subvert all of Southeast Asia. "A brilliant pioneering effort." —Harold C. Hinton.

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by parasitic journalists, who wrote about them and foisted on them their own mythology, and cold-eyed businessmen who recognized in them not their own youth, lost or otherwise, but their role as the big spenders in the "you've never had it so good" society.

The race riots are superbly described, not in terms of blood and guts, but in terms of frightened individuals, of bullying groups filled with bravado when in the majority, but incapable of fighting when equal; in terms of groups of Negro professional men, born in England, turned in upon themselves and terrified for their property and their lives. As MacInnes's teenage hero says:

"I suddenly felt weak and sick . . . Also — I don't like to say this much, but here it is — I myself was scared. It doesn't seem possible such sorrows as this lot could frighten you, and certainly one wouldn't, or even two or three of them. . . . But this little group: it seemed to have a horrid little mind, if you can call it that, all of its own, and a whole lot of unexpected force behind it."

At a lighter level, MacInnes has caught the way the young, or at least the young of the fifties, think, speak and dress, with an accurate affection, untinged by irony or patronage. (The real connoisseur of MacInnes's expertise in sartorial matters will find essential reading in his essay *Sharp Schmutter*, reprinted in his collection *England, Half English*.) He makes of his teenagers sharp eyed, sharp tongued observers of the failings of their elders and so-called betters. They are wise to all the tricks of advertising, television, social climbing etc. And the anonymous hero, the absolute beginner, preserves, amidst his pornographic photographs and his contact with the cynical adults who patronize him, his own integrity, so that, in MacInnes's eyes, he represents the lively, alert part of England against the grey, bourgeois mediocrity with which he is surrounded.

While *City of Spades* and *Absolute Beginners* are written with serious intent, they are full of wit and humor. Mr. Love and Justice, on the other hand is the heavyweight of the trio. While Johnny Fortune had some fairly hilarious, although consequentially serious adventures after being framed

for pimping, Frankie Love really is a pimp. Having failed to get a job as a seaman, which is the one trade he knows, he becomes a pimp and, throughout the book, weaves in and out of the professional life of Edward Justice, an eager young policeman, recently transferred to the Criminal Investigation Department and eager to establish himself there. Love and Justice do not meet until toward the end of the book, when, having done battle with each other, they become friends. They meet with the inevitability that the author has bestowed upon them with their names; names which promise allegory and fulfill that promise. In part, this is a novel of betrayal as MacInnes hints early on, when the Detective Sergeant, having just appointed Justice, says:

"Remember one thing," he said, "It's the one thing that matters — really." He looked at Edward like a brother (as Cain, for example, did on Abel). "Don't ever get in wrong with the Force: because if you do — well, a broken copper's the only person in the world we hate more than a criminal."

Or, rather, it is a novel about the refusal to betray and the prices exacted for that refusal. MacInnes is, in this book at least, a stern moralist but nothing is black and white. The pimp is leading a sordid and wholly parasitic existence, yet he is, by any standards worth having, honest, decent, brave and loyal. The policeman is also brave, honest and loyal, at the same time, he is quite prepared, in order to raise some quick cash, to follow suspected homosexuals, get them to importune him and then blackmail them. Both Love and Justice are betrayed by, respectively, a fellow pimp and a fellow-bent detective. There is no honor among thieves.

Again, in this novel, MacInnes shows a formidable expertise; this time in the techniques of both pimps and policemen, brilliantly exploring the shadowy line that only barely divides criminal from detective. Any good detective would make a good criminal, and vice-versa, since they are the only sections of the community that wholly understand each other. If one has to say which of the three books is the best then, undoubtedly, it is the third.

All three are not only different in quality, but radically different in kind.

Yet all three are linked by their common location, a location which is more than a matter of geography. From Mayfair to the East End docks, from West Indian drinking clubs to all night cafts run by Pakistanis, from the roofs of big department stores, with pano-

ramic views over the whole city, to dingy alleys in Notting Hill with no view at all, MacInnes knows and loves London's life and topography and, with great cunning and literary skill, has woven them into the fabric of these three novels.

sale immigration would not rid him of all the Jews rounded up by the Nazis as they goose-stepped over Europe. During the first two years of the war, he points out, while it was still relatively easy to flee Nazidom, our exclusion processes became increasingly stringent.

In the fashion of all sound historians, Wyman uses multi-causation to explain America's callous mood. The 1937-1938 recession, with almost 10 million unemployed, made Americans acutely job-conscious just as all possible hope for betterment in Europe vanished for German and Austrian Jews in 1938—the year of the triumph of appeasement. This, in turn, coincided with the cresting of the wave of isolationism with its concomitant hyper-nationalism and xenophobia. During the first 22 months of the European war, Germany and Russia seemed in virtual alliance, precipitating in the United States a dread of all systems of totalitarianism and a profound distrust of immigrants who might carry alien ideologies to this country. Wyman cites repeated instances demonstrating that even American Jews were not immune to this mass hysteria. A poll conducted by a Brooklyn newspaper revealed that of six Jewish Congressmen in the New York area, four opposed liberalization

Selig Adler: Prelude to Genocide

Paper Walls: America and the Refugee Crisis 1938-1941 by David S. Wyman

(The University of Massachusetts Press; \$6.00)

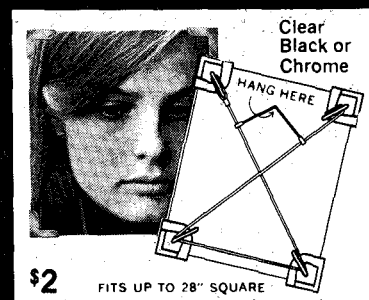
A generation after a commanding figure has passed from the scene his place in history is revised, more often than not by younger scholars who know him only from the chill of archival remains. *Paper Walls*, the first fruit of a promising young historian, forms part of the spate of monographs on the FDR Era, an epoch whose successes and failures now lends itself to more accurate measurement, owing to a lengthened historical perspective and the availability of documents hitherto withheld from the historian's pitiless scrutiny. While the author has not focused his story on President Roosevelt, the book is an intensive study of the New Deal's response during 40 critical months (March, 1938–July, 1941) to the pressing problem of finding asylum for the horde of refugees who, for political or religious reasons, had to flee Nazi-held territories. Inasmuch as this unfortunate group included many more Jews than active Aryan opponents of Hitler, the story is largely one of the Jewish flight from Europe during those harrowing years. While the piecemeal decision to maintain these walls of paper, which excluded from our shores many persons who might have been saved, rested with lower-echelon State Department officials, ultimate responsibility lay with the Chief Executive. This book therefore takes its place be-

side Arthur D. Morse's *While Six Million Died* (Random House, 1967) as part of the growing literature which calls into question FDR's humanitarianism.

Morse, a free-lance journalist, included foreign archival material in his research. Covering a much longer period than the present author's 1938-1941 span, Morse fastened most of the blame on those subalterns in the State Department in charge of immigration procedures and, by implication, the President himself. Wyman, confining his intensive search for documents to domestic depositories, lays less stress upon individuals and pins the guilt upon the American people, whose sovereign voice dictated the prevailing policy—generous sympathy for Hitler's victims coupled with a determination to keep intact an immigration policy that rigidly held the flow of refugees to a minimum during the hard-scrabble years of the later 1930's. Wyman stresses the fact that when the economy rapidly improved with the outbreak of war in Europe, the State Department then blew out of all proportions the fear of fifth-column immigrants who would pose as refugees, in order to close even tighter the doors to America. This circumstance is central to Professor Wyman's thesis, for he argues that Hitler decided upon genocide only after it became apparent that whole-

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of the immigration laws. Representative Sol Bloom, sharing the popular anxiety concerning subversion, sponsored a bill giving the President more power to exclude aliens, a bill which the ultra-conservative Robert A. Taft subsequently opposed in the Senate. Laurence Steinhardt, American ambassador to Moscow, warned his superiors in Washington against the admission of immigrants who had been members of the "radical" Zionist Labor Party.

Roosevelt himself fares better in this book than he did at the hands of Morse. Wyman continuously emphasizes that the steps FDR took in 1938 to liberalize the quota system and to allow 15,000 people on Visitors' Visas to remain permanently, treaded the outer limits of Congressional tolerance. The President brought enough wrath on his head from Capitol Hill to make him over-cautious during the following months when thousands more might have been rescued. But the author does point up the fact that Roosevelt gave silent assent to the building of the paper walls during this critical period. Moreover, he maintained a strict impartiality as the humanitarians in Congress sought in vain to pass a measure bringing in 20,000 German children to be cared for under private auspices. This stands in sharp contrast to the swift way in which FDR cut red tape and hurdled Congressional obstacles to make room for blond-haired English children subject, in 1940, to ceaseless Nazi air assault.

In sum, this is a top-notch book, soundly researched and well written, but with some weaknesses. Wyman is correct in stressing anti-Semitism as a prime factor in his story. However, he insists that this prejudice remained strong until 1944. A closer investigation of the war years would, in my opinion, reveal that this sentiment declined after Pearl Harbor with the breakup of the isolationist front which, unwittingly, harbored many anti-Semites. The silencing of Father Charles E. Coughlin in 1940 also had a salutary effect, as did the mounting wartime animosity against everything associated with the Third Reich. Finally, Wyman all but ignores the Palestine issue, which is closely related to his story since he proves that the United States would not lower its immigration barriers, friendly European countries were already overcrowded, Latin America was too little industrialized to ac-

cept many urban-bred newcomers and countless searches for havens in empty lands proved fruitless. In the last analysis there was only Palestine, and in 1939 its doors were all but shut by the British. Wyman might have made a most interesting point: the very Congressional restrictionists who threatened to cut off all immigration should the President by his own action en-

large the quotas, put heated pressure on the White House to see to it that the portals of the Holy Land be reopened. Had Roosevelt been able to persuade Congress to allow more refugees here, or had Congress been able to force the President to take a non-sense stand with London, we might have been spared the ghastly years that form a sequel to this story.

Love at First Sight

(after Dafydd ap Gwilym)

Ah, my Morvith, my dear,
That wonderful golden hair,
Light-cloud around neck and ear,
And that white-gold radiancy,
That loveliness of the body,
Shame the gold-white of the day.
And the music-mellow voice,
Sweeter than organ-tone
In St. Deiniol's evensong,
Makes vesper-hour rejoice,
But no seven odes could cure
Even one wound of my seven.

Where she moves, there is Heaven,
Though folk say Anglesey,
But how can it Heaven be
With Dian-archery?
Not under any sky
Goeth her healer-brother;
Not under any star
Groweth, to balsam heart,
Blossom to heal this hurt.
No smith had ever the skill
To forge that singing steel,
To whet that sharp an edge.

I am all grief, all groan,
Alive, a-lost, alone,
While she, in company
Of Mary, Heaven's queen,
Walketh her way serene
In an evening light that pales
The light of the evening star
Over northwestern Wales.
I am Sorrow's black serf, dark churl
Bound to a gamestress girl,
A spirit broken, and bound
As I cry from my wrack, my wound.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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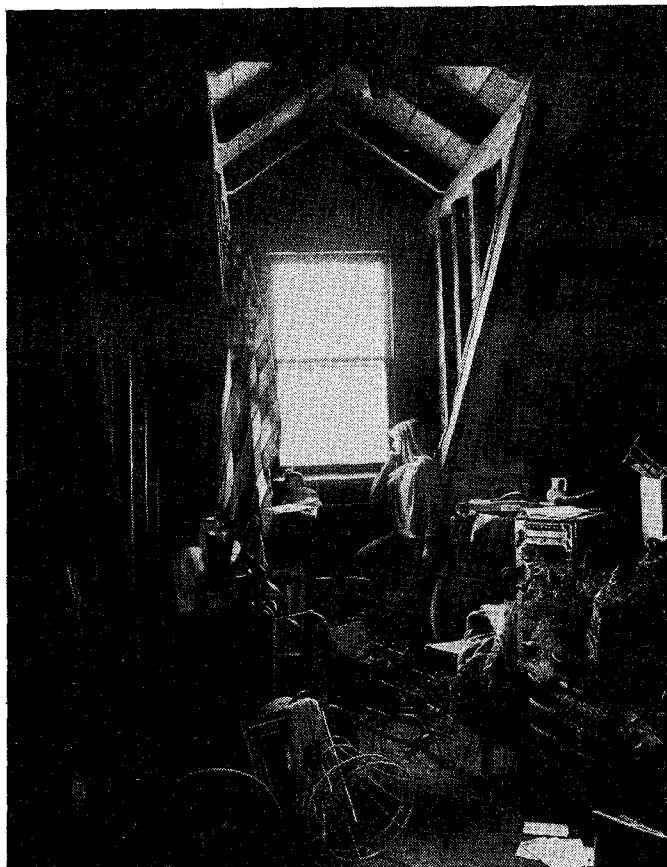
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Richard Freedman: Dabblers and Addicts

Opium and the Romantic Imagination by Alethea Hayter

(University of California Press; \$7.50)

So many acid-heads and speed-freaks have recently come lurching through Huxley's *Doors of Perception* in search of poetic inspiration, that it is good to have a book that unsensationally traces the effects of opium—the daddy of all “consciousness-expanders”—on a previous generation of romantics.

With the exception of that shaky pillar of rectitude, Wordsworth, every major and most minor English romantic writers at least dabbled with opium, Miss Hayter maintains, and two of them—Coleridge and De Quincey—wrote eloquently about their addictions. Miss Hayter asks “whether there is such a thing as a recognizable opium-inspired pattern in imaginative literature,” and answers with considerable erudition and a refreshing lack of the pseudo-mystical cant that usually engulfs the subject.

The widespread use of opium in its most popular form, the alcohol tincture called laudanum, was not then an act of social rebellion, since few moral and no legal stigmas applied to it. Largely through medical ignorance, laudanum was freely prescribed by doctors and readily available from druggists for everything from the blahs to cancer. Southey took it for hay fever and George IV for hangovers. Fretful children were fed laudanum in the form of such menacingly innocuous-sounding concoctions

as Batley's Sedative Solution and Mother Bailey's Quieting Syrup. For all I know, the Daffy's Elixir with which Amelia's mother tries to dose her little grandson in *Vanity Fair* contained a healthy dollop of *Papaver somniferum*, as does paregoric. The wonder is that everyone in the 19th century wasn't hooked.

Thomas Shadwell was the first English poet to go on record as an opium addict. But it is typical of neo-classical as opposed to romantic attitudes that his addiction only made him a figure of fun. Dryden seized upon it in *Macflecknoe* as symbolic of Shadwell's poetic lethargy and his unfortunate gift for putting his readers to sleep. In the 18th century, Crabbe quietly took opium for some 40 years, and managed to live to 78. Clive of India and William Wilberforce, the slave-emancipator, were addicts.

It was not until De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* appeared in 1821, however, that the drug burst on the European consciousness as something more than a cure for dyspepsia or the blues. Berlioz read it in Musset's translation and it shaped the *idée fixe* of his *Symphonie Fantastique*. Branwell Brontë and Francis Thompson were inspired by De Quincey to try opium, disastrously, since they were alcoholics as well. The characteristic American response was to try to ban the book.

But De Quincey was far more than the Timothy Leary of his time. He never took opium for “kicks” or to “drop out,” but because he was tortured by neuralgia and a host of other ills, and could find only in opium sufficient surcease to enable him to earn a living for his family.

He was immensely productive, and if his ravishing imagery turned on a whole generation that was bored with the rational, mundane world, it only did so because they chose to ignore both his harrowing account of the corresponding pains of opium and his

sensible warning that if a man “whose talk is of oxen” takes opium, his dreams will still be about oxen. In a different context, Coleridge made the same point in his great opium-based *Dejection* ode: “O Lady! we receive but what we give.”

This is Miss Hayter's major theme: Opium will not of itself supply the imagination with anything that was not already dormant there. At best, the poet may *think* it has done so. Coleridge dreamed of the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan because he had been reading and thinking of it before he took the famous dose that inspired the poem; if he had been equally absorbed in real estate speculation he would have dreamed of the perfect sale.

Yet there is a common stock of images and experiences on which all opium-addicted poets seem to draw. Evil temptresses (Coleridge's *Geraldine*), staring faces, cities beneath the sea, ice palaces (probably from the chill accompanying withdrawal) and vast but claustrophobic, Piranesi-like prisons haunt opium dreams, as does the figure of Dürer's *Melencolia*. The dreamer empathizes strongly with the pariahs of society.

Opium is also valuable to the poet by producing hyperaesthesia, the heightened perception of sensory experience. It may also produce synaesthesia, the sense-perception through the “wrong” faculty such as hearing colors or smelling sounds, which so fascinated the 19th century and has popped up again in our mixed-media psychedelic “environments.” But Miss Hayter thinks this is more likely the product of hashish than of opium.

Opium inspires grandiose philosophical projects, but saps the poet of the vitality to undertake them, and has the further disquieting effect of making him forget what he has just written. Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor* and Wilkie Collins' *The Moonstone* were both composed under the heavy influence of opium, and both novelists were later amazed at what they had written.

Miss Hayter thus takes a middle ground between the two most important books on the subject: M. H. Abrams' *The Milk of Paradise* and Elizabeth Schneider's *Coleridge, Opium and 'Kubla Khan.'* To her mind, Professor Abrams overstressed the influence of opium on the romantic

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imagination, while Professor Schneider went too far in the opposite direction by insisting that the major source for the poets' visionary poems was their reading.

Opium, Miss Hayter concludes, "neither promotes nor inhibits literary output; it only influences the kind and quality of what is put out." Some addicts wrote while under the influence, others during periods of relative withdrawal (both Coleridge and De Quincey strove heroically but unsuccessfully to kick the habit), but no addict can function at all during complete withdrawal.

The scope of the book is limited to England, though Poe and Baudelaire are looked at briefly. In general it adds little to our reading of the most

famous opium-inspired works: whatever new can be said of *Kubla Khan*? Miss Hayter's excellence is not in the explication of poetry, but in the amassing and organizing of a vast body of literature about opium.

Her book is so clearly and unpretentiously written that I fear it may not reach its proper audience. Miss Hayter is not above discussing her own dreams (although she sedulously avoided the drug), and if she is occasionally naïve, as in her prim disapproval of the blasphemous way in which addicts identify opium with "the true church," she has produced a learned but unpedantic book which shows on every page that it was written, not by a team of MLA computers, but by a human being.

goons and lancers. Boston streets were draped in black, and 50,000 onlookers lined them to watch Burns escorted back into slavery.

The women of Woburn sent Commissioner Loring 30 pieces of silver, and the Board of Overseers at Harvard failed to reappoint him, but he went off to a lucrative post in Washington. William Lloyd Garrison, feeling the whole climate of the US to be fouled, called for secession of the North from the South and for the cleansing of a whole galaxy of national sins.

Jeremiahs are never loved in their own time, but what has been astonishing is the harshness with which Garrison has been dealt by American historians almost up to our own day. They have seen only a pompous fanatic, an agitator-evangelist who denounced not only war and slavery but also drink, lewdness, Sabbath-breaking, profanity, and large moustaches. Even Garrison's most perceptive biographer, John L. Thomas, who forgives him his irascibility, occasional vindictiveness, and self-righteousness because "the moral values he taught were real and compelling," puts an unconscionable bur-

Fawn Brodie: He Burned the Constitution

Means and Ends In American
Abolitionism, Garrison and His
Critics On Strategy and Tactics,
1834-1850

by Aileen S. Kraditor

(Pantheon; \$7.95)

William Lloyd Garrison was the Dr. Spock of the nineteenth century. On October 21, 1835, he was led by a mob through Boston streets with a rope about his neck, and was rescued by police barely in time to spare him a coat of tar and feathers. In 1854 in Framingham Grove he ceremoniously burned the US Constitution, which he had long denounced as a pro-slavery document, a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." The act made Americans shudder, as do the flag burnings of our own time. But Garrison, unlike Dr. Spock, was not sentenced to jail for conspiracy, or even for simple defilement of Holy Writ.

What had happened in Boston that inspired Garrison to light his celebrated match? Anthony Burns, a fugi-

tive slave who had lived in Boston for many years, had been ferreted out by his owner and ordered back into slavery by US Commissioner Edward G. Loring, who happened also to be a lecturer at Harvard Law School. A rescue attempt on May 24, 1854, by a protest group at Faneuil Hall cost one life but did not save Burns from the marshals. Abolitionist attempts to purchase his freedom were deliberately circumvented by the Boston district attorney; and President Franklin Pierce, a New Hampshire man tender toward slavery, authorized the district attorney to "incur any expense" in executing the Fugitive Slave Law. Burns was marched off to a revenue cutter flanked by an artillery battalion and a platoon of US Marines, followed by mounted dra-

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den upon Garrison. "For the failure of his generation to achieve the racial democracy which the Civil War made possible he must be held accountable," says Thomas. "He made the moral indictment of slavery which precipitated the war, but he lacked the understanding and sustaining vision to lead his countrymen toward the kind of democratic society in which he believed." In effect, the hero is indicted for failing to do the impossible.

In recent years Garrison has begun to be recognized as a great spokesman for the best in American reform. A new generation of historians refuses to equate fanaticism for freedom with fanaticism for slavery, and has begun to deny that fanaticism for freedom is inevitably generated by neurosis. Aileen S. Kraditor has contributed to this regeneration in her new and scholarly book, a meticulous examination not of the personalities in the abolition movement but of the philosophical assumptions behind the tactical differences that split the movement into Garrisonian and anti-Garrisonian factions. The author tells us that she did not deliberately set out to rehabilitate the abolitionists, but discovered somewhat to her astonishment that they had not only "tactical acumen, foresight, perception and occasional humility," but even a sense of humor. She does not spell out the parallels between the factionalism of the abolitionists and that of the modern civil rights movement, but the reader can hardly escape seeing them for himself.

One notes particularly the abandonment after 1831 of the gradualism and moderation that had characterized early antislavery efforts, largely because they had been so ineffective. Jeffersonian antislavery, which, it is too often forgotten, had insisted on expulsion of the freed slave from the United

States, had seen only abortive results in the feeble efforts of the American Colonization Society, which for all its pious pronouncements was basically anti-black. The intrepid Garrison was the first effective voice to protest the injustice of deporting to Haiti and Liberia the black man who had contributed as much, or more, of his labor as the white to the nation's growth.

Jefferson feared that emancipation without expulsion would mean a war of extermination, that the blacks if freed would attempt to even scores for all the injustices and brutality of slavery. This fantasy was widespread and tenacious, shared even to a degree by Lincoln. It took a flight of fancy powered by a profound optimism and faith in human perfectibility to believe that the ex-slave and his master could, after sudden emancipation, live together without a race war. Garrison was one of the few capable of this flight, and he was proved right. His logic in 1829 seems today so sensible and unassailable that it takes a special effort to reconstruct the emotional climate that denounced him, in North and South alike, as incendiary to the point of insanity:

"We can educate two millions of slaves, now, with more facility and success than four millions at the expiration of twenty-five years. Give them liberation, and every inducement to revolt is removed; give them employment as free laborers, and their industry will be more productive and beneficial than mines of gold; give them religious and secular instruction, restrict them with suitable regulations, and they will make peaceable citizens."

Garrison asserted that slavery was sin, that the slaves should be freed immediately, unconditionally, without deportation and without compensation to their owners. For this he was blamed as early as 1831 for the Nat Turner insurrection, and as late as 1859 for John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry. Some historians seem to hold him personally responsible for every incendiary pro-slavery sentiment uttered between these two traumatic events.

Actually, pro-slavery sentiment in the South solidified well before Garrison wrote his first memorable editorial in *The Liberator*. John C. Calhoun's neanderthal arguments were thoroughly defined by 1828, and the Governor

of South Carolina in 1829 formally proclaimed to his legislature the dogma "Slavery is not a national evil; on the contrary it is a national benefit." When the first copies of *The Liberator* reached Southern editors in 1831, the response was instant and ugly. The upper house of the Georgia Legislature passed a resolution offering \$5,000 to any man who should kidnap Garrison and bring him to Georgia for trial.

Professor Kraditor deliberately chooses to write about ideas, not personality, which is unfortunate because some portraiture would have served to liven her pages. She gives us no explanation why Garrison, one of the most well-mannered and amiable of men, happy in his marriage and happy in his friendships, should have been so violent in his *Liberator*. He called Unitarians "infidels," Sabbath breakers "vicious degenerates," and pro-slavery editors "contemptible animals." Slaveholders, he said, "will surely be destroyed if they do not repent. MEN MUST BE FREE."

That "the Liberator" himself had felt enslaved as a youth we learn from his biographer, John L. Thomas, who describes how Garrison, abandoned by a drunken father at three, was raised by a domineering, evangelistic mother. His efforts to escape her are well documented, but even Thomas sees no significance in the symbolism in Garrison's language when, in writing of his refusal to believe that the Southern states would ever secede, he used the words: "Not one of them is willing to have the cord cut."

Nor are there analyses of either symbolic or violent language in Professor Kraditor's book, but rather a steady insistence on reasonableness in the writings and behavior of a man whose friends frequently found him unreasonable to the point of exasperation. Gar-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

T. G. ROSENTHAL is a contributor to the *New Statesman*, the (London) *Times* and the *London Magazine*, and broadcasts frequently for the BBC. SELIG ADLER is Samuel Paul Capen Professor of American History at the State University of New York at Buffalo. His most recent book is *The Uncertain Giant: American Foreign Policy Between the Wars*. RICHARD FREEDMAN teaches at Simmons College. FAWN BRODIE teaches history at UCLA.

"NOT SINCE WATERLOO have Swedes/ Soiled themselves with martial deeds./ No one seemed to suffer pains/ Watching Bismark rape the Danes./ Similarly, Sweden passed/ When the crazy Kaiser massed./ Nor did Norway's awful fate/ Make the Swedish escalate./ Finally, they've struck a blow!! Sweden's recognizing Ho."

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rison was fundamentally an evangelist, and utterly nonpolitical. He differed from more practical abolitionists like James G. Birney, who regarded Garrison's nonresistance and nonvoting appeals as politically imbecilic.

The factional struggle was complicated by the entry of women into the abolition movement; inevitably they equated slavery of the blacks with their own status. Many male abolitionists

did not believe equality of the sexes was part of God's truth, like abolition and temperance, and did their best to vote women out of the movement altogether. Garrison, to his credit, kept the women with him, though it cost him a great deal of male support he could ill afford to lose.

The great merit of Professor Kraditor's appraisal is her documentation of the fact that Garrison's tactics actually were not rigid but fluid, that while he demanded immediate abolition he would have been happy to settle for gradual abolition if he could have got it. The choice, she demonstrates, "was not between democratic and undemocratic, or fanatical and reasonable agitation; it was between antislavery agitation and silence. For the slaveholder was not opposed to immediate abolition but to abolition on any terms." Moreover, by 1850, the Southerner was unalterably committed also to slavery expansion. This, and not Garrison's extremism, made the force that broke the nation apart in 1861.

Correspondence

Ralph McGill

Sirs:

Readers of *The New Republic* should take note of the remarkable career that ended with the death of Ralph Emerson McGill. As reporter, columnist, editor, and finally publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution*, McGill was for some 40 years a passionate voice for decency in the South. When he began his newspaper career in the early twenties, the KKK dominated the public life of much of the South; when he died the other day, more Negroes were sitting in the Georgia Legislature than in that of any other state of the Union.

McGill combined the sensitivity of a poet with the courage and stubbornness of a mountain moonshiner. The bigots and reactionaries denounced him, even tried to kill him. Powerful people exerted enormous pressure on him and on the newspaper that employed and published him. But, as he was later to say himself, "I never struck my flag." He kept on championing equal rights for Negroes, exposing hypocrisy and corruption, and celebrating the arduous birth of a new and more progressive region. He had an irrepressible fondness for people of

all colors, shapes, sizes and frailties. "No Southerner," he once wrote, "knowing the path his people have come through these generations and what they have met with along the way, can condemn them wholly. . . . He feels a compassion even for those whose meanness and abuses he most detests."

No one will ever be able to tally the number of people—particularly young people—to whom he gave guidance. Some of the South's most creative talents—novelists, poets, journalists, public servants—are indebted to Ralph McGill for friendship and inspiration at the uncertain beginnings of their careers. Yet he was always diffident about his influence on others. If I may be forgiven a personal illustration, he could never quite accept the fact that an hour's conversation with him twenty-odd years ago set me on the course I have pursued ever since. (I do not think that it was embarrassment at the consequences but genuine modesty that inhibited him.)

To latter-day rebels, particularly the young, it will not be apparent how great the progress was in the South during McGill's time, in some considerable part as a result of his efforts. But his works, though far from finished, were prodigious. He confronted the primitive evils of lynching and the Ku Klux Klan, of political demagoguery and total disfranchisement of the Negro, of rigid segregation of schools, hospitals, libraries, buses, and every other public facility. He lived to see these elementary evils abolished, and to see realized at least the incipient stages of the new and inclusive community that he sought.

Nobody can say it better than he did himself: "To have been, and to be, a Southerner in all these years is the finest sort of luck."

Harold C. Fleming

MR. FLEMING was executive director of the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta and is now president of The Potomac Institute.

Kauffmann, from page 22

bility.) Miss Page's timing, as well as her reading, is off balance throughout. Robin Phillips plays the hero, Paul Pennyfeather, and at the moment I can't even remember his face.

John Krish makes his debut here as director, for no discernible reason;

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aside from smaller defects, which I won't enumerate, Ivan Foxwell's adaptation suffers from two major faults, one avoidable, the other not. The first is his transposition of the story from the twenties to the sixties. Set in the twenties the various outrages — of décor and behavior — are seen against a background of unviolated tradition, and they help to symbolize the ruptures in Britain caused by the First War. Set in the sixties, they are seen against 40 years of upheaval, and are weak.

But the big millstone is Waugh's genius. He was not a dramatist. (I once had a brief correspondence with him about plays and got an amiable but curt statement of his uninterest in the theatre.) He was a novelist, and his genius lay largely in the way he chose words to be seen, not heard, to be wrung silently in our minds. Consider this fragment, for instance, from the scene in which Margot interviews applicants for her chain of South American brothels.

"Name?" said Margot.
 'Pompilia de la Conradine.'
 Margot wrote it down.
 'Real name?'
 'Bessy Brown.'
 'Age?'
 'Twenty-two.'
 'Real age?'
 'Twenty-two.'"

I don't argue that this dialogue cannot be played (although it's poorly played here) but that it was not intended to be played — by a man who knew his intentions very well, who had counted on the very look of those short lines, surrounded by white space, to contribute to the effect. Waugh's subtlest gifts of measurement were calibrated to produce an unspecificity, for which we are to supply the particulars. The intrusion of pre-specified voices, persons and places upsets Waugh's design. Hundreds of novels have been well filmed, sometimes even very good ones, but the highest of high comedy is a matter of the most delicate chemistry and pulse. It would be foolish to conclude that Waugh can never be acted on stage or screen, but Tony Richardson's *The Loved One* and this film show no glimmer of how to solve the difficulty. Foxwell's adaptation is much more faithful to its original than Richardson's but is no closer to Waugh.

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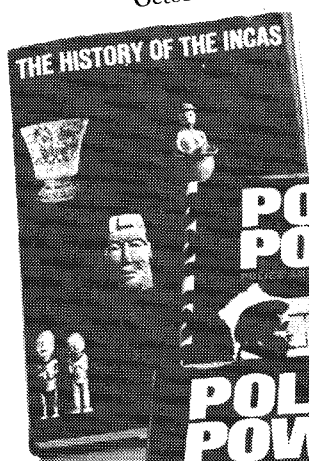
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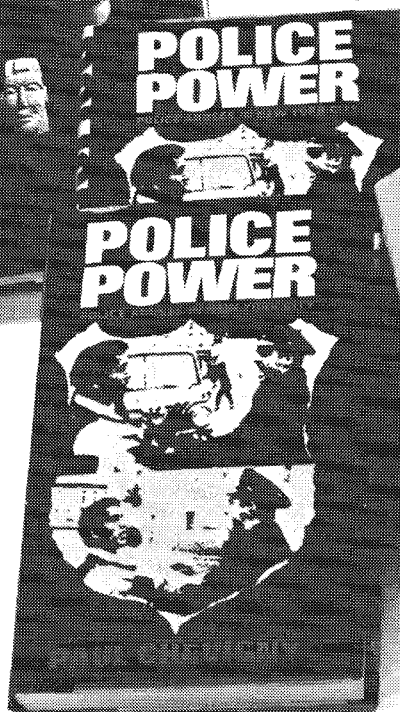
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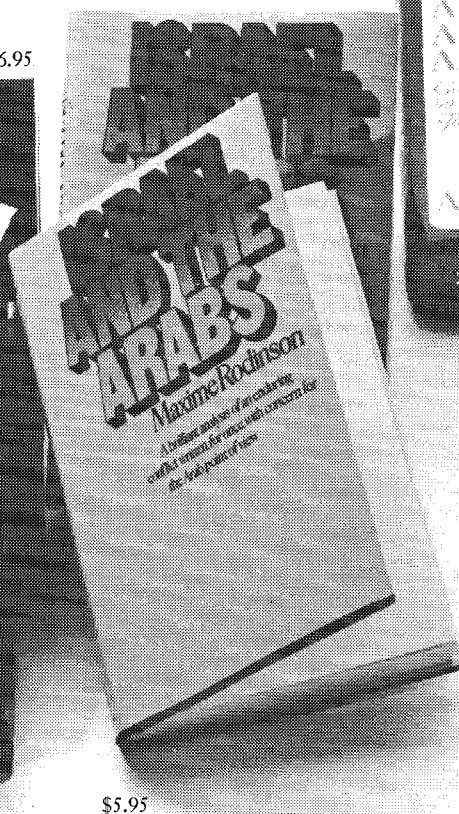
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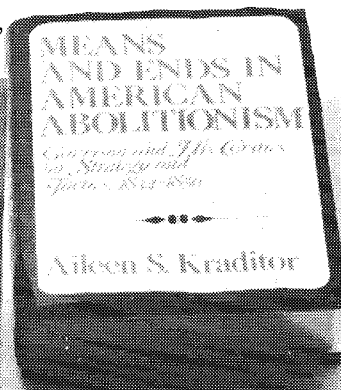
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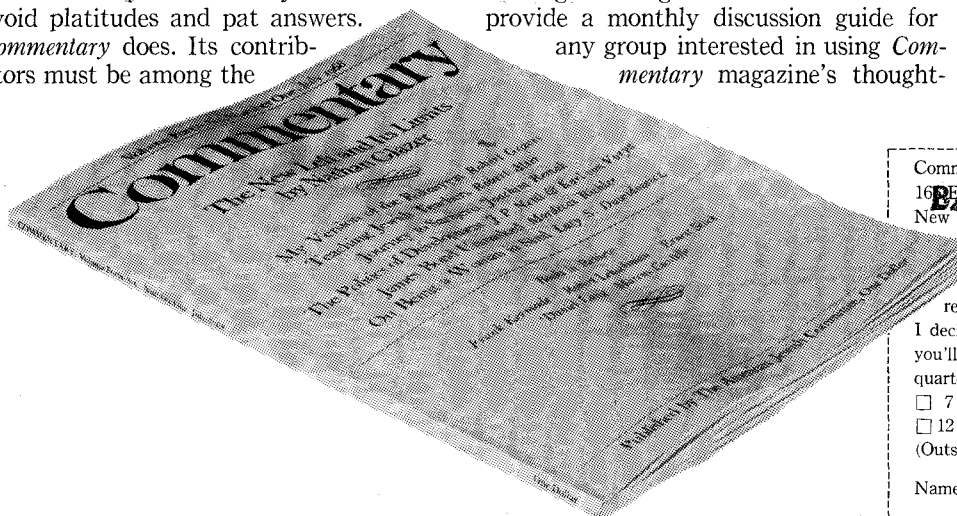
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